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CONGLOMERATE

1946 - 47



KIRKLAND LAKE COLLEGIATE AND VOCATIONAL INSTITUTE

KIRKLAND LAKE
ONTARIO

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to our Principal
Mr. A. G. McCOLL

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THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Since the last issue of the Conglomerate in 1939 there have been many changes at our school. During the intervening years the enrolment has increased from 600 to 1100, the number on the staff from 23 to 41. There have been four different additions to the school building. Because of the many problems resulting from the war, inter-school activities were greatly reduced.

The school year 1946-1947 marks the resumption of normal N.O.S.S.A. competition. Along with the revival of inter-school and inter-mural activities I am sure it is gratifying to all to see the re-issuing of the Conglomerate. I wish to congratulate the editorial staff and all those who have worked to make the 1947 issue such a success.

Ours is a young school dating back only to 1929. We have no long-established traditions. But gradually we are establishing a reputation. Elements of this reputation will persist and years hence will be regarded as traditions. It is important that all students of to-day realize that they have a part in this development of the traditions of our school.

I suggest to you that a few commendable characteristics are already becoming noticeable and I hope will become firmly established.

Our student body is representative of many races and creeds. But no distinctions are made. Everyone is accepted for his own worth. All are true Canadians, anxious to become good citizens of our great country.

Our students show a healthy pride in their school. They have also a pride in this community and a true love for the North.

Our students show good sportsmanship. K.L.C. V.I. teams play the game vigorously, but fairly and cleanly. Visiting teams are given a generous reception.

To all students in the school I express the hope that you derive the maximum from your course. To students who are graduating in 1947 I wish you every success in the future.

A. G. McCOLL.



E. Cohrs



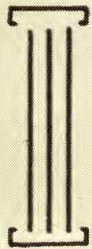
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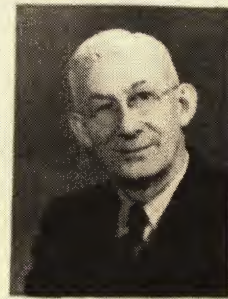
R.T. Macaulay



D. McKay



R.E. Arthur

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M. A. Robinson

*(form Teacher - 1st yr)* M. Stroud *1st yr. Sc., H. Let*E. Mageau *1st yr. music*

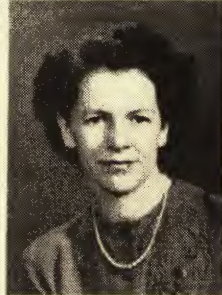
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D. Finch

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Studies



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A.G. McCall
PRINCIPAL



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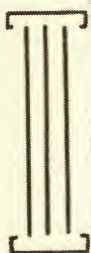
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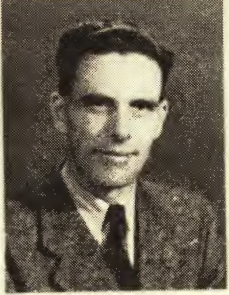
W. Moore



R. Bolger *Latin*
(from teacher first year)



E. Jose *P.T.*



G.S. Riddell



B. Maxwell



C.J. Fitzgerald

AND VOCATIONAL INSTITUTE
STAFF 1946-'47

EDITORIAL

Herein is not contained an "inspired message". For we have no lesson to teach, no sermon to deliver. Only lean against the restaurant table, close your eyes to the bobby-soxers and your ears to the blaring juke-box, this honky-tonk parade of youth, and remember these "Best years of our lives".

And remember the bitter with the sweet. For the sweet alone is sickeningly unreal.

What a mystery was the maze of halls, the honeycomb of rooms to your awe-stricken first-form eyes—your longing through the weary days for the old, familiar entrance class and patient, well-worn teacher. Now you'll long for that maze of halls and honeycomb of rooms, that smaller, dearer world than the one you are about to enter.

Your last dance at the school will be a lovely memory to cling to. You were with your best boy friend or girl friend, your crowd was all there, your dance card was filled. But go back—go away back to your first dance. You went stag. Did you stand miserably around, trying to gain courage to ask a girl to dance? Did you stand there in a new skirt and sweater, ignored by the stag line, while inside of you your heart cried. And at home you bluffed your way through it. "Oh, yes, the girls all wanted to dance with me". "Sure mom, all the boys asked me to dance". You had forgotten. Well remember, and, remembering, learn again the poignancy of first dances, first loves, first everything.

How thrilled you were to be chosen for the basketball team. The shame of missing an easy "lay-over" your first night out, the shrill boos of the crowd are now forgotten and buried deep under the present glory of being the fastest forward or the most capable guard. Don't forget the agony of that first night—not if you want to know yourself, to understand those you love best. You don't have to be the "most" or the "fastest" to be respected and loved. Just know, yourself, that you have done your best.

Exams—formal examinations, term tests, period tests—in Latin, physics, geography, English, geometry. The hours of studying, worrying; the anxiety over the results. A cool and careless exterior; underneath—tenseness and fear. "Best years of our lives"—we laughed long and bitterly. Not for us. Give us jobs; we'll earn our way; we'll live our own happy lives then. Sure, but what is ahead of us? A depression—or a swivel chair; the relief line—or dinner at the Ritz. Worrying won't be a new experience to us, nor fear.

And remember this above all. School didn't give us only Edison, Balboa, Pythagora, and Shakespeare—not just the wisdom, integrity and skill of book learning. For our heritage is the Wisdom, Integrity, and Skill of living.

B. ARCHER

Editor-in-Chief
Conglomerate '47

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The Conglomerate is, indeed, a fitting name for our year book. As the dictionary puts it, a "Conglomerate" is "a kind of rock made up of rounded fragments cemented together by a matrix of siliceous, calcareous or other cement". To apply this definition to our year book is simple. The "kind of rock" becomes by transformation the year book. The "rounded fragments" represent the different sections: the Literary, the Athletic, the Social, the Graduating Classes and the Alumnae, each rounded out, complete and separate, get fused together not by "a matrix of siliceous or calcareous cement", but by the interest of the students of the school and by the painstaking effort and hard work of the editorial staff.

We haven't had a year book at K.L.C.V.I. since 1939; so one might ask what is the reason for having one now. First of all, a year book is a diary of the school year. Here you have in condensed form, a resume of the school year. When at some future date, you are looking over your treasured possessions, this same year book will transfer you back to your gay and carefree days at K.L.C.V.I. Secondly, through the exchange services with other schools, the students of these schools will find out that our school isn't just a two-room log structure in the hinterland of Northern Ontario, but is one of the larger and more modern schools of the province. To K.L.C.V.I. this year book will also serve a third purpose. Because our school is so new, there aren't many established traditions. By this year book, we hope to set about the establishment of certain traditions which every school needs if it is to have that certain indefinable something called school spirit which leads its teams on to victory and makes every student not just an attendant, but a part of the school.

The year book is divided into five sections as I have mentioned before. In the Literary section you will find the prize winning stories and poems of our budding authors. In the Athletic section are accounts of K.L.C.V.I.'s victories and defeats in Sports throughout the year, and pictures of the teams. In the School Activities section, all the dances, organizations, and parties of the year are discussed and described. The Graduating Classes section features the photographs of these classes and gives the likes, dislikes, ambitions and pastimes of the graduating students. In the Alumnae section are reports concerning former students, what they are doing, and what they have done since leaving K.L.C.V.I.

But this isn't the end of the story of the year book. Most of it has been told, but nothing has been said about the responsibility of every student to the magazine if it is to be representative of the whole student body and student activities. This year a comparatively small number of students has worked on the year book. It is hoped that the story of our year book will go on from year to year with the work of more and more students lavished on it, to bring about the hope of this year's editorial staff, a better K.L.C.V.I. year book in the future.

ED. SARABURA,

President of the Students' Council.



EDITORIAL STAFF



BUSINESS STAFF

INDEX TO THE CONGLOMERATE STAFF

EDITORIAL STAFF

(Top to Bottom)

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DON DABER
Art and Photography

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Exchange

BOB BARKER
Form Notes

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Girls' Sports

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Form Notes

BETTY DONLEVY
School Activities

BETTYANN ARCHER
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DONALD MacNIVEN
Literary (Absent)

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LITERARY

SHORT STORIES

ESSAYS

POEMS

LANGUAGES



LITERARY SECTION: Edited by Don MacNiven

DESTINY

(Prize Winner)

The rain fell in cold, unpatterned mist on the damp and sodden leaves. He, poor, miserable man, wet and chilled, pushed dull and lifeless leaves from 'neath his feet as he advanced along the wet, gray walk. He stopped suddenly before a building. It was damp and bleak as all the other buildings in the block, but in a grimy window was a small, dirty sign which read, "Madame Zola—Fortune Telling and Palm Reading". Underneath the faded letters were three new moons.

With a sort of sheepish grin he turned down the narrow stairs and entered the building. Ah, warmth! Just what he needed after the cold, dreary mist outside. He looked around curiously at the plain walls and then at the middle of the room. The dim light showed a small table with a round crystal ball and a dirty, marked pack of cards. The marvelous thing about the room, however, was the woman behind the table; small, and wrinkled she was and her bright, beady eyes were full of interest as she eyed her caller.

"You want your fortune, eh? You see here and give me your hand. From the palm of your hand I can tell all your future."

Smiling broadly now, the young man seated himself and gave her his hand.

"It'll give me a laugh anyway", he thought. "What's a guy supposed to do on a day like this anyway?"

Suddenly the gypsy frowned. "No", she muttered, her features contorted. "No, I don't tell your future. I write it for you. Yes, that's what I do. I write it for you, and you do not read it until you are home. Then more vehemently as the man reached in his pocket, "No, you do not pay me", she screamed, "No!"

"What a laugh", thought the young man, "Boy, they sure get worked up".

Then he walked out into the cold, wet rain again and onward up the street, until he came to the corner. Just as he stepped off the curb, a small, green sedan skidded on the wet leaves. Brakes screamed, and people yelled, as they always do. Soon a crowd collected, which grew ever more dense as each person shouted for his neighbour to step back and give the "guy" some air. But he didn't need air now.

Then someone stooped over, and picked up a scrap of paper lying by the dead man's hand. On it were only four words. Just four words. "You have no future".

by ANN ROBSON, 13B

HOME!

(Prize Winner)

The crowd was growing tense, and as they waited impatiently, they voiced their opinions and called for the race to start. It was a homing pigeon race, and the pigeons were all ready to start. The pigeons were to fly that great distance from Chicago to New York. Our hero was the people's favourite. He was a small blue pigeon called "Arnaud", and he had several records already stamped on his wings.

Finally they were off, heading home, back to New York, straight as bullets and going almost a mile a minute. At the quarter way mark, Arnaud was leading all others by almost four hours. Then disaster struck and Arnaud was not to get home for almost two years.

By this time, Arnaud was very thirsty and hungry. He alighted at a strange pigeon pen. As he landed, the owner of the pen noticed the many records stamped on Arnaud's wing, and thought he would like to have off-spring from such a pigeon. For two years, he tried to mate Arnaud with every female pigeon of the flock, but he was unsuccessful, because Arnaud would not pay any attention to the females. He simply ignored them, and bided his time.

At last! Escape! After two years of imprisonment, Arnaud escapes, and again strikes out for home. While Arnaud was flying home, and when almost there, a loud report rang out, and he felt from ten to fifteen tiny lead pellets hit him in the left side, and wing. Suddenly he was falling and as he strove to fly to a greater height, he was attacked by two falcons.

His wings began to beat faster, but it was of no avail, for his left side hurt too much. Closer, and closer came the falcons, coming in for the kill. Oh! that fool hunter, why doesn't he shoot now at these evil birds. He might have outflown those falcons, had it not been for that fool hunter, but now all was lost.

What was that in the distance, the city? Yes, it was the city. Onward, beat his heart, onward, beat his wings. "Home, home!" repeated his mind. Now, he felt mighty talons grip him and his eyes glimpsed the city closer and radiant. Home! His wings beat their last stroke toward home, and then Arnaud passed away into a greater land and a newer home, for now he flew with death.

by RONALD PRESTON, 10K

NORTHLAND

(Prize Winner)

No other place is home to me,
But rocky hills and bent pine trees.
No other place shall by me stand,
But these, homes in a brave new land.

Temiskaming, Mattagami,
Matachewan, Kenogami;
Silver and Cobalt; Shining Tree;
Gold, and a hope of things to be.
Michipicoten, Wawbewawa,
Kapuskasing, Mississauga.
Whispering words of an ancient tongue
By the leaves of a rustling poplar sung;
Silvered songs, like the tone of a bell
Whose music the cities cannot sell.

A strong new land, no time to grow old;
Too busy to tell in a tale so bold
Of courage and vision; cobalt and gold,
Nickel and silver; fire and cold.

This is my home; its spirit lies
In lasting hopes and unending skies.

SHIRLEY WIGMORE, 13A

"BABY-SITTING" BLUES

(Prize Winner)

Have you ever played with a tiger cub, or tried to control a hurricane? I have, and you can lower that eyebrow. Three times a week last winter, I took my life in my hands, facing all sorts of unknown dangers in the guise of two little boys.

They didn't look dangerous; in fact, they were quite angelic in appearance—you know the type: curly hair, wide, wide, blue eyes, and intriguing dimples. However, I couldn't help feeling rather uneasy when first introduced to them as, "the girl who's going to play with you, when Mom and Daddy go out". There was a stubborn set to four-year old Danny's blue-sleeper-clad figure, that boded no good; once or twice I thought I glimpsed a certain glint in eight-year-old Tommy's eyes, that seemed to say, "Sucker!" They reminded me of two bottles of ginger-ale, with only corks restraining all the fizz. It wasn't difficult to imagine the parents, as the corks; I began to feel that the evening might prove an exciting one.

No sooner had the door closed on the latter, than I felt something hit me below the knees with a terrific impact. Having successfully regained my equilibrium, I looked down to find Danny wrapped around my ankles. He looked very disgusted. I had some difficulty in making out what he said in his childish lisp, but it seems that I had made an inexcusable blunder in keeping my balance. He was a Commando, and I was a Jap, and I was awfully dumb not to fall down. He accepted my meek apology with very bad grace, and directly proceeded to riddle me with machine-gun bullets, stab me with bayonets, and stick needles under my finger-nails, all in rapid-fire succession, while Tommy indifferently kept running over my feet with his wagon.

The next hour passed in a daze. Danny, who considered himself quite a thespian, changed roles with amazing ease, and without condescending to give me any clues whatsoever. No sooner had I resigned myself to playing Prune Face to his Dick Tracy, then he would begin to flap a towel in my face. I was expected of course to immediately drop on all fours, and paw, and snort like a self-respecting, red-blooded bull should. He side-stepped my clumsy "charges" with all the grace and flourish of a seasoned matador. Fortunately for me, the telephone rang before I could develop "housemaid's knee" and by the time I returned, Tommy was an Indian.

Many times in that hour, I was tempted to take my name of "baby-sitter" really literally, and actually sit on my two young charges to obtain a moment's respite from their seemingly perpetual motion. To this day, I can't believe that some of the pranks the two of them played that night, with me as the butt, weren't premeditated. Those immortal two, Shakespeare's "Puck" and Twain's "Huck Finn" couldn't have done better if they had pooled their resources.

But even four and eight-year olds get tired. With great relief, I saw the two heads begin to nod, and two pairs of eyelids start to droop. I faked a few yawns, and as I had hoped, it was "catching". Soon my two small responsibilities were yawning prodigiously. A glass of warm milk, and a recorded lullaby (I did not sing them myself, as I believe in being kind to children, as well as dumb animals) and soon their light, even breathing proclaimed them asleep. Looking down on this sleeping pair, it was hard to believe that they had ever tripped me or scribbled on the wall with my lipstick. They looked so sweet, and innocent, as cute as a pair of tiger cubs, and one was just as inclined to forget that they had "claws" and could do quite a lot of mischief.

by CHARLOTTE SINTICK, 13A

HABIT

Your clock sounds off,
You uncover your head,
Then stifle a yawn,
And jump out of bed.
Get out your clothes,
Comb out your hair,
"Oh, where are my shoes?
I left them right there!"
Your room is a mess;
Books, clothes everywhere.
How to decide—
"What will I wear?"
Maybe the grey skirt—
A hole in the back?—
Bob likes the blue skirt,
But Joe likes the black.
Ten minutes left;
You're ready for school,
Race down the stairs,
Quiet as a mule!
You're in a rush,—
"Oh, why was I born?"
And then it comes to you—
It's Saturday morn!

ANN CUTLER, 11A

FLOTSAM

His face was worn, almost to the bone. His blood-shot eyes, sucked deep into his head, peered sleepily through half-closed eye-lids. The mouth was twisted in a cruel grimace; from between nicotine-stained lips, dangled a cigarette, not lighted, but just hanging there. From between yellow, half decayed teeth came the pungent odor of stinking tobacco and old whiskey. One side of his half-shaven face showed blood red marks where the treacherous razor had sunk painfully deep into his red, chapped skin. A blue vein was visible along one side of his forehead. Though his hair was black, it reminded me of a mouldy haystack because of the grey hairs which showed so plainly. He looked old, not because of age, but because he was half starved. Although it was cold outside, he wore no hat or overcoat. Spots of frozen saliva held fast to the collar that stuck up to his peeling ears. Even the cuffs of his suit coat were frozen with the same filthy substance. His tie was tied carelessly around his neck, as though he had left the job of strangling himself half-finished. An almost buttonless shirt hung out of one side of his unpressed trousers. Although he had a good buckle on his belt, it was tied like a rope around his waist. The unpressed trousers stuck out of his half-laced trappers' boots. With his hands in his pockets and one shoulder tilted higher than the other, he stood swaying before me. He looked at me and I said, "Good day, sir!" A silly grin began to play across his face, as he slowly took one hand out of his pocket bringing out some dirt, a few cigarette butts, a nickel and a dime. Next he pulled out his other hand, coming forth with some more cigarette butts, some matches and a dirty looking dime. He looked straight at me and mumbled three words "Rubbing, rubbing alcohol". I knew he wanted this before he even asked, but now when he did ask I felt silly. My head turned and I looked at Bob. He shook his head; I turned to my customer and said "We have none left". For a minute he stood there with his head bowed, his arms hanging uselessly at his sides, and his feet apart as if bracing himself for a blow, like a criminal standing before a judge on hearing himself convicted of murder. Silently he turned and walked slowly out of the drug store. Two lines went round and round in my head—"In hunger and woe, it's so easy to blow. It's keeping on living that's hard".

by ARNOLD MICKELSON, 10B

THE GAME OF SHINNY

Have you ever watched a game of shinny? I dare say you have, but not the kind I am privileged to watch every winter afternoon. Each afternoon at four o'clock there materializes suddenly on the road about ten children. They should not play on the road; they do not play a proper game and they often quarrel, but to me it is wonderful to watch. There are little boys who have difficulty in managing a hockey stick. There are big boys who are starting high school. There are good players and poor players, but all are bound together by the common aim of winning.

No doubt some mothers would be horribly shocked to find their "dear little Johnny playing with those little hoodlums from the other side of the tracks", but Johnny doesn't care. That little hoodlum is a very good shinny player, and Johnny doesn't realize, poor child, that Tony's parents weren't born in Canada. If Johnny's mother has anything to do with it though, he'll learn. It will be drilled into him by dozens of insidious little schemes, and when Johnny has realized that he must forego the pleasure of shinny as long as Tony is playing, Johnny's mother will retire in triumph, her work well done.

Little does she realize that some day, Tony's mother may be the only woman in town who can make those delicious spaghetti loaves she just must have for her luncheon. However, even if she crawled to Tony's mother and begged for the loaves, it would do no good, for there would be in that woman's heart an unhealed wound which would fester anew at the sight of the "lady" who had robbed her Tony of friendship. The lady would rise to her feet and stride home, consoling herself with the thought that you could not expect much from ungrateful foreigners with their stubbornness and "after all the money we taxpayers spend keeping them too". The thought would still irk her when she tasted the Irish stew (substituted for spaghetti loaves) at the monthly luncheon of the "Society for the Abolition of Prejudice", of which she was president. And yet, who are we to laugh? Isn't every nation in the world acting in the same ridiculous fashion to-day?

Perhaps, if, years ago, we had established the practice of shinny games played regularly in the "middle of the railway tracks" with mothers from both sides serving refreshments afterwards, we would be further ahead to-day. Perhaps the leaders of the world would have benefited from a game on a cold day with the tattered urchins who played well in spite of their inability to speak proper, cultured English. They might even now be engaged in winning a game of peace, with the other urchins, grown now but still as good players as they used to be.

Besides, Johnny's mother would get her spaghetti loaves with a smile. It's worth a try, isn't it?

by JESSIE KERR-LAWSON, 12A

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

In the deep, deep woods on a lonely hill,
Stands a queer, mysterious mansion still,
With torn shutters, creaking floors,
Screaming bats and banging doors.
The house inside is cold and still,
With moss-covered benches and window-sills.
At the far-end of the hall a dark staircase looms,
And outside stand dark marble tombs.
Here many spirits and ghosts do roam,
In the cellars made of stone.
Oft, in the quiet night, is heard the scratching of
a mouse,
In this spooky, gloomy, Haunted House.

by RUTH RANTALA, 9GY

LONGING FOR HOME

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
To my place in the hills,
To the blue of the sky,
And the laugh of the streams
To the still moontides,
And the rain on the leaves.

I want to go home,
To a cabin I own,
Where the sun slips down
To his fiery bed
O'er the darkening hills
And the barren rocks,
To a winding path,
That the partridge know.

I want to go home,
To the land of snow
Where the north wind sweeps
Through the sentinel trees,
And the bare boughs creak,
And the ice lies thick
On the sparkling lakes
In the light of the moon.

by M. KATHLEEN POLLOCK, M13A

CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS

As the ringing echo of the report died away among the slopes of the rocky mountain side, the female wolf's last spasms ceased. Through curiosity, the human with the stick that spat fire and thunder, sought to peer into the abode of this once dominant animal. Danger of attack, there was none; for had he not disposed of the male parent just two days before? In the interior of the cavern, the man found what he was looking for—a small, snarling bundle of fur, a wolf cub. Pleased with his discovery, he thrust it into his pack, and trudged homeward.

At first the cub, or "Little Jasper", as he was called, did not mind too much. He liked his own private box beside the warm stove. He liked to knock the kindlings all over the floor, and to climb up onto the table, and steal the raw meat off the bread-board, before the man's wife could return to cut it. Little Jasper was fascinated by how the huge doors squeaked as they moved, and was puzzled by being able to see through the windows, but not walk through them. Little Jasper liked his new home.

Every night the children would come home from the far off school and play with their little friend. They would roll him over and cover him with blankets, but most of all, they enjoyed scaring him. Little Jasper began to find life unbearable.

Several times, when he gained the outside, he had attempted to run away, but someone would always catch and bring him back. He tried all the plans his little animal brain could devise, but without success. Then the bitter and inevitable truth came to him; he was a prisoner. Little Jasper made several feverish attempts to escape, but each as futile as the one before.

One night, about three months later, when all had been forgotten, Little Jasper noticed that the front door of the cabin had been left open a very little. The night was warm, and this was to afford circulation. Jasper made sure there were no observers, then he crept stealthily across the floor, out the door, and into the night.

In the wilderness, one will find many forms of wild life, but one of the most ferocious of these is the wolf. If you were to journey into his forsaken land, you would find one family of wolves tagged

as the roughest, toughest, and most vicious of all. The proud father and trainer of this group is a fugitive from human captivity, once known as "Little Jasper".

by HECTOR MacPHAIL, 10L

WHY STUDY SCIENCE?

The other day as I sat with my cigarettes on my desk, and an unlit butt dangling from one side of my mouth, the thought of school came to me, and spoiled the whole day. This thought insisted upon cruising back and forth across my mind. Finally, in sheer desperation, I decided to do something about it. I opened my eyes, (leaving my eyelids down) and took a quick look at my mind. Mentally working like fury, I manged to make a precis of what I saw in my mind, and came out with the question, "Why study science?" (This proves the theory held by all teachers, that my precis keeps missing the boat.) After pondering over my problem for at least five minutes, I decided, that, for the sake of posterity, I would tabulate all the uses that I have found for science, since I left school. I abandoned this idea for an even more brilliant one, and you may find my thoughts in their original form on the pay shelf in any library in twenty small encyclopaediae. The contents of my literary works of art are listed below in slightly condensed form.

First of all, let us consider for a moment, the study of Biology. I have, after due consideration, come to the conclusion that the foremost reason for studying this subject is to improve one's English vocabulary. Not that you would be very likely to use "polysepalous" or "gamepetalous" very often, but just think how it impresses people who don't take it. My other use for Biology, I hesitate to give. It isn't that you'd be embarrassed, but I blush very easily myself. Oh well, I guess I might as well tell you. In one of my weaker moments, the thought struck me of how handy a full knowledge of the functions of the bees and the flowers would be when one is the parent of an inquisitive child.

The next science that we shall consider is Physics. (Ah sweet Mystery of Life.) Unless you intend to become another Einstein, this subject, as far as meets the eye, is of no use to anyone. But, try probing a little deeper. For instance, suppose you are walking along a cliff, musing over the fate of Sohrab, when suddenly, you hear a shot. (This isn't as mysterious as it sounds; so you can quit biting your toe nails.) A bullet (weight 6 grams) whizzes past your ear with an average velocity of 1,000 c. per second. Due to rigid training in the, quote "bloody", unquote, Physics class, you are able to calculate, mentally, the exact distance the shell will go out to sea before striking the water. Thereupon you doff your outer garments and dog-paddle out to retrieve the quickly sinking shell . . . that is if you collect shells. If you don't the only reason for taking Physics is because so many boys do.

Last on my list is Chemistry. Very few students who undertake the pursuit of Chemistry know anything at all about its many and varied uses; in fact, very few students know anything at all about it, period. The most notable use of Chemistry is at the dinner table, and the most frequently used Chemical term is "Please pass the C₂ H₃ OH". (For the benefit of those who gave up pursuit, this is shorthand for "Alcohol".) Another, less frequently used term is "please pass the NaCl". If you want pepper, I'm afraid you'll just have to reach for it, but if you take French, you could say "Excusez moi" while doing so.

Which leads me to another topic. "Why study Languages?"—which you will find on the pay shelf

in any library in forty small encyclopaediae, and which I will outline below in slightly cond. . . .

JOAN WYATT, 13A

FEBRUARY LOVELINESS

I wandered one winter evening
O'er earth that was draped in white,
And I gazed upon the beauty
Of that February night.

Out of a window shone brightly
A light that beckoned me on,
And I walked mid'st silver snow flakes
Until the light was gone.

Alas! I remembered the saying,
"Look now, for this will soon be gone".
I often think of the snow flakes.
How beautiful—! They're gone.

It was later that winter evening
As I walked along the way,
When I looked up into heaven
To ask the stars to stay.

It was silly of me to ask them.
Many miles they were away,
But so close they were that evening
"Surely", I said, "they'll stay".

Then all at once they vanished,
As suddenly as they came.
Darkness fell over the heavens.
The night had won the game.

by LOVEDAY GLOVER, 11B

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

In your favourite spot, hidden away among the lakes, hills and forests, perhaps there exists a cottage that you love to visit in the summer and think about during the winter. Do you often wish you could visit it secretly when the snow has fallen, when fierce winter winds have done their damage and when the frost has stolen the last leaves from your neighbourly trees?

See how the soft, mellow sunshine coats the deep-brown jackpine. See how the loving sky, dotted by the moving clouds, smiles upon the spruce and birch as if they were going to predict the return of spring and summer. For winter has brought a new and vivid beauty to your cottage, the beauty of deep-piled snow and haunting solitude.

by PETER O'CONNOR, 11B

THE DEPOT

The night will bring no silence here; the light

Will not awake it: on and on the bustle goes,
The glaring lights, the rush of crowds in droves.

The brake man shouts, the engine screams,
The people say good-bye and then take flight;

A quick hand-shake or kiss and then he goes.
The wheels begin to turn, the whistle blows.

And the train moves off into the deep, black night.

So many people seek its thundering might.

Some with bright and some with deep sad eyes.

Are they off for adventure or for peace?

Or do they look for a guiding light?

What unknown thoughts, what hidden histories?

The mystery of life will never cease.

by LAURA HANSEN, 11A

MY LIFE ON THE OPEN SEA

For forty days and forty nights
 I slept on the open sea,
 With nothing between the sea and me
 But a greasy spoon and cup of tea.

And every night of those forty nights
 That I spent on the open sea,
 There were sharks on the starboard and on the
 And sharks fore and aft of me. | port,

I had no weapon that belonged to me
 Except the greasy spoon from the cup of tea.
 I thrust the spoon to the right and left,
 And killed the sharks until none were left.

After the killings I had plenty to eat,
 And I used the skins to cover my feet.
 With skins on my feet and skins on my head,
 I now decided I needed a bed.

The bones of the sharks
 Provided the bed,
 And I now had a place
 To lay down my head.

The next problem I faced
 Was the problem of clothes,
 A very tough problem,
 As everyone knows.

Now out of the deep
 A large whale arose,
 And I said to myself
 "I shall now obtain my clothes".

And as the whale
 Drew very near,
 I took my spoon,
 And I had no fear.

Then as he drew
 Alongside my raft,
 I stabbed him thrice
 And he turned to the aft.

And when at the aft
 He finally died,
 "I shall now have clothes"
 I joyfully cried.

Using his hide
 To make my clothes,
 I was now spic and span
 From my head to my toes.

Now on the horizon
 I spied a liner,
 In all my life
 I had seen no finer.

And as the liner
 Drew very near,
 I hooted and hollered
 And gave it a cheer.

They lowered a boat,
 A very fine craft,
 And now this boat
 Pulled alongside my raft.

And as the men
 Invited me in,
 They said, "Well my friend,
 How have you been?"

While on the liner,
 I was treated fine,
 Then we landed on shore,
 It was the end of the line.

Thus ends my life
 On the open sea,
 And all I have left
 Is my memory.

by BOB BARKER, 12K

A HOLIDAY IN EUROPE

During the summer of 1945 I was stationed in Devon in south-west England with the Royal Norwegian Air Force. At that time I was engaged in flight training so that I had a good chance to see the country from the air. Although it rained very often, we made good use of our sunny days and flew as long as we were allowed to stay in the air. On week-ends, we travelled about, visiting the various cities of western England.

Viewed from the air, Devon, like the rest of England, resembles an enormous patchwork quilt of varying shades of green. There are no lakes to guide the pilot, who must rely on railways, and rivers for navigational landmarks. On the ground, the abundance of rainfall makes for luxuriant vegetation, and the landscape in summer is very pretty. The roads and fields are lined with thick banks of earth which are often as much as eight feet high. These banks are covered with bushes, and grass, and since they resemble large hedges, they make the countryside look very neat, and picturesque.

When Saturday afternoon rolled around, everyone left the camp and made for the city, or the seashore. The large cities, such as Exeter, and Plymouth, had been badly "blitzed", and we soon agreed that the gay summer resort was a more pleasant place to spend the week-end. This was the first real holiday season in five years for most of the English people, and they all managed to have a good time in spite of the difficulties created by the war.

When the summer was almost over, my discharge application was accepted, and I was posted to London for return to Canada on the first available ship. I was entitled to a furlough in Norway, however, and transportation was arranged for me with great speed which surprised me very much, as I was not accustomed to such efficiency on the part of the Air Force. I was to make the trip by air, and after several days of flight cancellations, because of "adverse weather conditions", I finally found myself in a Dakota aircraft, bound for Oslo, Norway. I could hardly believe my good fortune; good luck had accompanied me ever since my enlistment, and now I was to have a free trip to Norway!

We landed at Fornebu, Oslo's airport, at four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, and even though it was early in October, the days had begun to grow short. The sun seemed very far away, casting weird fingers of shadow over the runways. We were taken by bus to the centre of Oslo, and then we were on our own. An acquaintance from the 'plane took me to the railway station, so that my first problem was solved. I was going to a small village about an hour's journey by train from Oslo, where most of my relatives lived. The train was run by electricity, and though it was larger than an English train, it was not as large as a Canadian train. On arrival at the village, I began to inquire where my relatives lived. Luckily, the village was not a large one, and after asking directions several times, I finally found the right house. The welcome I received can hardly be described; they had not seen me since I was three years old, and I could not remember any of them. We sat and talked far into the night.

Most of my month's furlough was spent in visiting relations, although I had many sight-seeing trips to Oslo, and the village, where I was staying. The terrain was hilly, and rough; the forests contained many familiar trees, and on one occasion, I had the good luck to see an elk, as they are called in Norway, but which looked more like the moose of Northern Canada. There were many impressive sights to be seen. The Oslofjord parallels the

Muskoka Lakes in beauty, and the modern buildings of certain parts of Oslo could be easily taken from a city in America.

I returned to England, on board a small mail and passenger boat. The North Sea was very rough at that time of year, and this made many passengers quite uncomfortable. I suffered no serious loss of appetite, although I was thankful when the sea became more calm. When I reached London, I found that I was to have a longer wait for transportation to Canada, as there were many like myself, who wanted to be in Canada for Christmas.

With more time on my hands, I began to explore London. The underground railway was very surprising to me. It was a very modern and efficient 'rapid transit' system on which the greater part of the population of London depends, and which provides transportation from one end of the city to the other for a few pence. Many of the "tube" stations, as they were called, are provided with escalators or large elevators for the convenience of the passengers. I saw many of the places of interest, such as: St. Paul's Cathedral, The Tower, Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, The Nelson Monument, Whitehall, as well as many other monuments, and several parks. One could go dancing any night in the week, and the motion picture theatres of Leicester Square offered a wide selection of films. Although I often visited the Ontario Canteen, I saw no Canadians whom I knew.

During my last few days in London, the first winter fog settled down over the city. It turned daylight into dusk, so that cars, and busses had to drive with their lights on all day long. The fog, half coal smoke, gave me a headache, and a raw throat, which made speech difficult.

My return voyage to Canada was made on the Queen Elizabeth, by way of New York. My bunk was situated on the lowest deck in the aft end of the ship, immediately above the propellers. The trip took five days, and a most enjoyable trip it was, for the food was very good, and chocolate and soft drinks were easily obtainable. At about four o'clock in the morning we passed the Statue of Liberty, when most of us were asleep, and of the New York Skyline, we had only a fleeting glimpse.

We were soon in Toronto, with our certificates in our hands, and the last leg of my journey was completed when the "Northland" steamed into Swastika station, where a free taxi, thoughtfully provided by the Township of Teck, as a service to veterans, took me right to my front door. Home at last!

by K. HARALDSEN, 13A

CHRISTMAS SNOWFLAKES

Everything now is dead, I am too!
Gone are warm sunshine and morning dew.

Come are the snow-fairies, soft and snow-white,
Settling noiselessly down thro' the night.

Each falling, bright fairy has in its mind
Thoughts of sweet Heaven, now left far behind.

They try to import to us, visions so fair
Of Jesus and Mary and Citizens there.

They do not use words, they have much better ways,
They make us see God in them and give Him praise.

I see them, I feel them, so cold and yet sweet.
They bring Christ to me on their tiny cold feet.

They bear Him among them, His carriage they be,
To carry Him safely this Christmas to me.

I feel in His presence, a comrade so dear,
Who lived for me, died for me, and ne'er shed a tear.

I trust in Him, find in Him all that I need
To guide me, to keep me, from each evil deed.

There's a new Baby born in our house to-night,
He lights all our home with His Heavenly Light.

He lives with us, plays with us, guards us from fear,
And still He is born in us once every year.

by MARION I. KELLY, 13B

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

What is wrong with the first-formers? What is happening to the younger generation? Where is the wide-eyed respect we upper-school students are entitled to? I remember, many years ago when I was a child and in first form, how like the gods the seniors seemed. They went about from class to class with studious looks on their faces and open books in their hands. If one of those hollowed beings so much as frowned in our direction, we were in deepest gloom for the rest of the week.

In order to become recognized in such a respected group, I struggled through math. classes year after year. Through General Mathematics I and II, I crept; then Algebra and Geometry followed. At last, after four years of hard labour, I graduated to Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry, but it is a great disappointment to me. Apparently the children of today are of a more incredulous group, because, in spite of efforts to brow-beat them, the first formers disregard us with the innocence of babes! There is a chance, of course, that the lower school students may be of a very discerning nature. If they are, the question of the lack of respect is answered. I do not feel, however, that we should be judged too harshly,—after all, it could happen to you! Sometimes, we have great things on our minds (besides fur caps), and we feel that a little more consideration would be in line for us. Often, while walking down the hall discussing one of our more pressing problems, we are rudely interrupted by long lines of animated midgets carrying such ruthless weapons as long rulers, sharp pencils and straight pens. Besides mortally wounding us, we never reach a decision as to whether Koval and Petrin should get their hair cut before winter sets in, or the advisability of putting Lucy on the boy's basketball team.

Another thing I feel strongly about is the P.A. System. Perhaps in my nature there is a jealous streak; nevertheless, I do not think that we are given ample opportunity to display our talent to the rest of K.L.C.V.I. Is there some reason why middle school should be allowed to present "heavy drama" over the P. A. System? Perhaps by some odd circumstances, they are talented!

As a result of these grievances, the students of M-13 rise in revolt! If nothing is done about this trying situation, the majority of the graduating class will go out into the world with inferiority complexes. I ask you, Grade Nine, is that anything to be proud of! In conclusion, I am going to confide in you a bit of information, which we have been keeping secret until now. We have the awful feeling that the teachers don't respect our feelings either!—they have been giving us homework.

by IRENE McLELLAN, 13B

THE VITIMINS IN YOUR LANGUAGE

One of the greatest living languages today is Latin. Perhaps you will regard this statement as coming two thousand years too late. If you do, you are probably one of those who claim membership in the so-called "practical" school of thought, the members of which consider any knowledge useless which appears not to be of immediate benefit in "making a living". But the fact remains that Latin is an important aid in the achievement of the broad education which leaders and citizens of a democratic society should have. Perhaps even the "practical" moderns would not be so eager to condemn Latin if they knew all the facts.

Over fifty-two per cent of English vocabulary is of Latin origin. Every time you speak, words that once were Latin flow from your mouth. Many, such as actor, doctor, gymnasium, animal, and ignoramus, have not changed since the days when Roman legions tramped the highways of three continents. Why the name of our own school magazine comes from Latin! Its parent is the old Roman word "glomus", hence "Conglomerate". Only by being acquainted with the Latin language can one fully appreciate the English language.

If this is true of English, it is much more true of French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Rumanian, for in these languages is Latin, still full of life. Of course, there is a world of difference between one of these tongues and the language of the ancient empire, but this difference is no greater, perhaps less, than the difference between modern English and the English of King Alfred's time, yet we do not consider that English is "dead". So with Latin. At least ninety per cent of French, Italian and Spanish words are Latin origin. There are also striking similarities in construction. It can easily be seen, then, that a good education in Latin serves as an excellent foundation for the study of these Romance languages.

There are innumerable other places where Latin is used to-day. Because it is international and unchanging, it is the official language in religion for those millions who belong to the Latin Rite of the Catholic Church. For the same reasons physiology, physics, zoology, chemistry, botany, law, medicine, and other sciences and professions borrow heavily from Latin for their technical terminology. Musical terms come to us from Latin through Italian. So even in the sciences, professions, and arts a knowledge of Latin is of much help.

But an education in this ancient tongue is beneficial for another, more important reason. Not only does learning Latin grammar and doing translation help us use our own language with more force and beauty, but it also gives us an invaluable lesson in clear thinking and persistent effort that will help us in all of life's difficulties. There is surely no better argument for Latin than that!

"Well", you may logically ask at this point, "just what has all this to do with vitamins?" The comparison is not a difficult one. The word "vitamin" comes from the Latin "vita", which means "life". If we were to remove all vitamins from our diet, we would soon resemble an Edgar Allan Poe corpse, if only in its lack of life. Similarly, remove Latin from English (if such a thing were conceivable), and our language would possess no more vitality; remove Latin from the Romance languages, and there would be none. Latin is an important vitamin in the nourishment of all these tongues; to them it means life.

And so, dear students, take up your "stilos" and "tabellas" (moderns say "pens" and "paper") and

get to work. You will be dead long before Latin. If you need some good advice to sustain you in the meantime, always remember: "Labor omnia vincit". For those to whom the joys of Latin have not been made known by teacher and textbook, I will translate: "Work conquers all". Simple, isn't it?

by LAURENCE MOLESKI, 12A

ANSWER THESE WITH LATIN

(Translate the words in bold face to Latin and get the sound of the English answer.)

1. What did the man say when he lost the race?
2. What did **this** man say when he came out of the cocktail lounge?
3. What movie actress wears an article of clothing made of **wool**?
4. What did the boys say when the teacher asked who could lecture on **famous** scientists?
5. What famous actress dances and sings a Mexican song?
6. When **I am present** when the Earl complains of not enough salt in his soup, what do I say?
7. What did the Roman **farmer** drink?
8. What should boys not do, **and not** girls either?
9. Which sex has the superior **mind**?
10. What song is sung **late** at night?
11. Why does the boy take so **long** as he does in answering?
12. Why did the lady **scarcely** have a cold this winter?

ANSWERS

1. Cirrus. 2. hic. 3. lana (Turner). 4. notus. 5. carmen (Miranda). 6. adsum. 7. agricola. 8. nec. 9. mens. 10. tardus. 11. dum. 12. vix.

CECELIA MACDONALD, AUDREY OLIVE,
MEREDITH HOLT, and FRED JAMES

BROMAS

1. Ejecutor—"Yo ciertamente me opongo ir después del acto mono".
Circo amodueno—"Usted tiene razon. Ellos persaran que eso se repita."
2. El marido: "¡Qué estravagancia! Usted tiene dos sombreros igualar ese uno vestido". La mujer:—"Ciertamente no! Tengo uno unico vestido igualar los dos sombreros".
3. "Mi mujer", dijo Senor Henpeck, "me besa cado tiempo que yo entro en la casa".
"Ah", dijo su amigo, "eso es afecto". "No" suspiro Senor, eso es investigacion.
4. Toma un bebé aproximamente dos anos aprender a hablar, y entre sesenta y setenta anos aprender a guardar la boca cerrada.
5. Silencio es lo que usted no oye cuando usted escucha.

by ORYSIA FENIUK, 11A

LAS CHANZAS

Concha: Ese es un vestido vistoso!
Maria: Yo lo obteni para mi vigésimo cumpleaños.
Concha: Ha llevado bien. No?

La Blonda: De veras, muchacha. Todavía digo que los hombres estan mas atraídos a las blondas que a las morenas o las pelirrojas.
Pelirroja: ! Pues, supongo, que tu sabe! Eras todos tres.

El Padre: Cuando fui tu edad, me levanté a las seis de la mañana, anduve a pie por diez millas con mi perro y pensé nada de ello.

El Hijo: Pues, mi padre, no pienso mucho de ello tampoco.

by ELAINE HOPKINS, 11A

EL ESPIRITU DE LA ESCUELA

Todos los alumnos de nuestra escuela hablan de lo indefinitivo "Espíritu de la escuela" pero nadie, o casi nadie, hace algo de ello. A pesar de frecuentes peticiones por alumnos para unirse al coro no mas que diez alumnos se vinieron a la practica de las mayores clases. La mayor parte de los alumnos son esos de las formas primeras. Admito que, este ano, hay alguna dificultad—por unos alumnos venir, pero esto no es el caso por la mayor parte de los alumnos. Ellos que pueden cantar particularmente deben venir a la practica de coro. Nos divertimos!!! Lo ultimo, pero no es lo mas pequeno tenemos un capaz conductor—el Señor Powell.

Esto es una cosa que me hace cuidado. Este ano nuestros alumnos tenemos un buen gobierno. Debemos ayudarlo todo el tiempo si nuestra escuela va a hacerse famosa!

by KATHERINE McBAIN, M12A

UN NUEVO PROFESOR

Una mañana en la clase de espanol el señor Quantz hablaba mientras nuestra buena profesora, la senorita McCrimmon, nos enseñaba. Por eso ella le dijo a hacer el papel del profesor. Anduvo a pie a la mesa de la profesora y empezo la leccion.

Dijo al señor Thicke a traducir un parrafo.

Lo hizo muy despacio y con mucha dificultad. No pudimos comprenderle, pero el señor Quantz dijo "Bueno, bueno".

Luego dijo al señorita McBain a continuar y entonces señor Quantz no pudo comprenderle. ¿Por que no?)

Las palabras del señor Quantz nos causaron a reir y la senorita McCrimmon no pudo esconderle las sonrisas a ella.

La clase penso que el señor Quantz estaba un profesor mucho mejor que la senorita McCrimmon porque al fin de la clase dijo "No hara trabajo de casa".

Escrita por Ann McLellan Y Nancy Rouvinen, 12B

LA CLASE DE ESPANOL— DE AQUI A DIEZ ANOS

Diez anos han pasado, los estudiantes han graduado, de la quinta forma—finalmente y aceptan su lugar en sociedad—venga lo que venga.

ROMAN BEHERSKY:

(Inmigrante de Slobobia Mas Bajo) Roman ahora es un hombre muy poderoso y peligroso. Tenia un salon de billar y es muy rico.

DOROTEA CHISHOLM:

(una alumna muy brillante) Ahora Dorotea es una profesora de Latin; 'Cuando se le pregunta a ella, por qué? Dorotea responde; "Esta lengua me gusta."

ROBERTO COOK:

(Un alumno que tuvo ambicion) Ahora Roberto es un "caballero de camino," o como se dice en ingles, "tramp".

NORMAN CRITCHLEY:

(También un alumno que tuvo ambicion) Norman ahora limpia las calles por el pueblo.

GUILLERMO FARRELL:

(Un alumno con mucho dinero) Ahora es el presidente del Banco de Chaput-Hughes. Cuando le vi Guillermo contaria sus hipotecas y estaba apre-

tando sangre de los nabos.

RICARDO FARRELL:

(Hermano del "capitalista") Como Dorotea, Ricardo es un profesor de espanol. El se dice, "La lengua espanola me gusta muchisimo."

MARGARITA HONER:

(Una alumna muy tranquila y prudente) Ahora Margarita es popular con los hombres. Ella se ha casado mas de cinco veces.

MARION LOACH:

(Una alumna astuta) Ahora Marion tiene una sala de hermosura: donde elle coge el dinero de viejas mujeres, s en ingles "la sala de hermosura" se llama, "clip joint."

MARION KELLY:

(Ella es de Missouri) Marion se caso con algun vagabundo y ahora vive en los bosques.

CLARICE MacDONALD:

(Una muchacha pura) Clarice se ha casado con un hombre que se llama también MacDonald. Ellos tienen diez muchachos—seis ninos y cuatro ninas.

NICHOLAS MANDRYK:

(Inmigrante de Slobobia Superior) Nick ha salido a "las confortaciones de su civilizacion" y vive, como un ermitano; en una caverna en la selva. El se dice, "Yo detesto todas clases de las mujeres."

ALLYSON MITCHELL:

(Una alumna muy hermosa) Ahora Allyson es duena de una factoria por haciendo cubos de hielo de la nieve.

PANCHO PETKOVICH:

(Un amante del salon de billar) Este hombre, en tiempos pasados, un alumno brillante, ahora es un "mucker," en la mina de Toburn.

STANLEY SITARZ:

(Un alumno que ama su profesion.) Stanley ahora es el jefe de una cuadrilla de musicos; en su tiempo desocupado, el toma el dinero de las tazas de los ciegos.

ARTURO SMITH:

(Un alumno brillante) Arturo, ahora es un médico. Sus campesinos le aman mucho.

JUAN STEWART:

(Un caballero escocés) Ahora Juan es un cazador de conejos. El hace una vida humilde por robar las trampas de los otros y hace los pieles de los conejos para que ellos parezcan como los pieles de los castores.

by NICK MANDRYK, 13A

Cualquier relacion sea entre ellos mencionados antes y ellos que graduan de la clase de espanol es puramente sin intencion. (Editor).

MON PREMIER MODELE D'AVION

C'est de mon premiere modèle d'avion avec un vrai petit moteur dont je parlerai.

Je construisais des modèles d'avion avec caoutchouc pour les faire voler depuis sept ou huit ans. Mais après tout ce temps, je commençais de plus en plus à rêver de quelque chose de plus que je n'avais pas essayé auparavant, quelque chose de très différent—un avion miniature avec un moteur. J'avais entendu parler de ces modèles et je pensai que je devrais en essayer un.

Or, ces grands modèles coûtent plus que les petits, environ quarante dollars, le moteur et le modèle compris et je n'avais pas l'argent. Ce voulait dire que j'avais dû épargner tout l'argent possible et ne pas dépenser pour quelque chose d'inutile. J'épargnais mon argent depuis deux mois et graduellement mon "tas" d'argent grandissait. Enfin, je

réussis à épargner la magnifique somme de trente-huit dollars. Aussitôt, je courus au magasin et j'y passai au moins trois heures à choisir mon moteur le modèle et les autres choses nécessaires telles que de la colle-forte, du papier pour le couvrir, des roues et de l'huile à moteur. Enfin je fus prêt à construire mon "miniature."

Il y avait beaucoup de petits morceau de bois "balsa" pour assembler le fuselage, l'aile et l'empennage. J'étais très soigneux en construisant ce modèle, toutes les choses furent assemblées avec plus de soin que jamais je n'en avais pris pendant mes huit années à construire les modèles au caoutchouc surtout parce que j'avais dépensé tant d'argent. Je ne devais faire aucune erreur de cet avion. Finalement je couvris mon miniature avec du papier rouge. Alors je le peindurai avec de l'enduit "clair" et gris. Rouge et gris... je pensais qu'il paraissait très beau quand il fut prêt pour sa première envolée.

L'envolée! C'est la chose la plus excitante de ce passe-temps. Le premier jour qu'il fit soleil et qu'il n'y eut aucun souffle de vent je me dirigeai en hâte vers le champ. Après avoir fait tous les réglages nécessaires et une inspection du moteur, je fus prêt à le faire voler. Je fis marcher le moteur, réglai sa vitesse pour le faire voler très lentement parce que c'était la première et la plus importante envolée, et alors je lançai mon avion. Il n'alla pas trop bien mais il tint l'air! Après quelques envolées lentes, je fis marcher plus vite le moteur et une grande surprise! Le miniature s'élança de mes mains, grimpa presque verticalement vers les nuages. Enfin quand il fut un petit point dans le ciel, le moteur s'arrêta. Il commença à planer paresseusement en grand cercles. Après deux ou trois minutes il descendit légèrement sur la terre tout sauf. C'était un grand événement dans la vie d'un constructeur de modèles d'avion... l'envolée de son premier modèle d'avion.

by SORJO RANTA 13B

POURQUOI ETUDIONS-NOUS LE FRANCAIS

Chaque personne de notre classe de français a sa propre raison pour étudier le français. Il y a des élèves qui l'étudient parce qu'ils veulent l'enseigner. D'autres s'y intéressent beaucoup à cette langue et ils veulent la maîtriser pour qu'ils puissent la parler. Pour d'autres encore la langue française sera nécessaire dans leurs postes de l'avenir.

D'autre part, il y a les personnes qui l'étudient, seulement, parce qu'ils ont besoin de neuf sujets pour entrer dans l'université et ils pensent que le français est une manière facile dont ils peuvent faire d'une pierre deux coups. Enfin, je connais des garçons qui prennent le français parce que tant de jeunes filles s'y intéressent. Pour ma part je l'étudie parce que je veux l'ajouter aux trois langues que je connais déjà et que peut-être je deviendrai professeur de français.

Quels que soient les motifs de l'étudier, le français n'est pas trop difficile à apprendre, et je pense qu'elle est une langue importante dans la vie canadienne.

by FRANK PETKOVICH 13B

BEAUTE D'HIVER

Personne ne dérangeait la calme beauté de cette scène d'hiver. La légère couche de neige recouvrait tout le paysage, pendant que dans les montagnes lointaines était réfléchi le bleu du ciel, brillant comme une poignée de diamants. Le léger contour des montagnes silencieuses se glissait au bas,

jusqu'aux arbres toujours verts dont les gracieuses branches étaient chargées de cette pesante masse blanche de neige. Le ruisseau ne babillait plus en passant sur les cailloux mais plutôt était recouvert d'une couche de glace bleue. Tout près étaient les bouleaux blancs, qui malgré que leurs branches étaient chargées, se tenaient droits et hauts dans le soleil embrouillé. La surface lisse était brisée seulement que par quelques pistes de lapins. La scène entière donnait une émotion de calme, mais sous la neige les plantes et les animaux d'été attendaient le chaud, doux soupir du printemps.

by AUDREY OLIVE 12A

LE FUITE DU TEMPS

A l'aurore du nouvel an nous avons tous pris une résolution pratique. La coutume veut qu'au premier jour de janvier on renouvelle les promesses déjà faites par le passé, mais oubliées. On se promet bien d'être fidèle à ses nouveaux engagements. On entreprend le tout avec courage. On a confiance qu'on gardera sa parole jusqu'au trente et un décembre.

Ma résolution fut de ne pas gaspiller de temps. Il est bon de s'arrêter souvent et de considérer un moment que le temps est la chose la plus rapide et la plus précieuse. Le tic-tac monotone de toute horloge nous redit que le temps est insaisissable. Il coule autour de nous sans que nous puissions ralentir son passage rapide.

Pour l'étudiant, la voix de l'horloge marque son progrès dans la science et sa préparation à la vie. Pour le paresseux, elle est un reproche constant. Rappelons-nous que le temps perdu ne se rattrape jamais. Nous ne gaspillerions pas un sac d'argent. Le temps, c'est de l'argent... Employons chaque minute profitablement, pour notre développement physique ou intellectuel.

by JEAN BERJANSKY 12A

LES LABORATOIRES DE SWASTIKA

Si quelque chose ne fonctionne pas bien, si vous désirez faire polir une pièce de pierre, si vous désirez causer un peu avec les vieux habitants du village, allez aux laboratoires de Swastika.

Officiellement le laboratoire de Swastika est une essayerie, mais ce bureau est vraiment plus utile qu'une essayerie ordinaire. Les fenêtres sont malpropres et les flacons chimiques ne sont jamais dans leurs armoires, mais malgré tout cela, les clients ne se plaignent pas.

Quand il fait mauvais, les vieillards du village entrent dans le bureau pour causer du temps et examiner les pièces de roche dans les montres.

Si un des enfants brise sa bicyclette ou si une des mines brise une balance d'essayeur, mon père les répare.

Pendant trois années mon père faisait un télescope. Il a broyé et poli les lens lui-même, et si vous désirez étudier les étoiles allez aux laboratoires de Swastika. Avec ce télescope, on peut voir clairement les montagnes de la lune.

Le dimanche, le bureau devient un lieu où je peux essayer de souffler le verre ou bien, mon père m'enseigne l'art de polir les pierres et de faire la bijouterie.

Notre bureau n'est pas imposant mais nous pouvons faire presque quoi que ce soit. Venez aux laboratoires de Swastika et nous ferons tout notre possible pour vous satisfaire.

by JESSIE KERR-LAWSON 12A

ACTIVITIES

CADETS - DEPARTMENTS
DANCES - DEBATES
COUNCIL - CULTURE



ACTIVITIES: Edited by Betty Donlevy

K.L.C.V.I. ELECTIONS 1946

On the whole, the elections for students' council this year were not as spirited as they were last year. During the past two school years, instead of a council, the Students' business was handled by a Parliament, consisting of two parties, the Youthocracy Party, and the Collegiateers. Each member nominated in each form; then an election decided the party in power and the opposition.

Due to the considerable increase in attendance at the school this year, the Parliament idea was thought impractical. Instead, it was decided that a council of fifteen students, five from each of the three courses would be best. Nominations were asked for and quite a good number were received.

Campaigning through posters was not used this year to any great extent. A few candidates had small ones up in some of the rooms, but these were few and far between. Probably the most spectacular were some giant strips about 9" x 4" with the inscription "Vote for Rudy." Unfortunately, Rudy, after all his work, failed to make the grade.

The day before the elections, after the candidates made speeches over the public address system, there were a few more posters, but even then it was nothing like other years.

Each student voted for five candidates in his own course. There were many tense moments on Friday afternoon, especially in those forms where there was a candidate present.

A few minutes before four, the results were announced; immediately, vigorous congratulations were accorded those who were elected. It must be said of all those who ran, but were not elected, that they accepted defeat with good sportsmanship. Here's wishing them better luck if they try again.

The successful candidates, K.L.C.V.I.'s Students' Council for 1946-7 were: Matriculation—Ed. Sarabura, Doug. Valentine, Brian Thicke, Bill McColl, Jack Stephenson. Commercial—Vivian Johnson, Mary Daugherty, Rita Longo, Mimi DeJoseph, Jean Cameron. Technical—Alden Sherwood, Bob Barker, Howard Hallick, Bill Whitney, Dennis Murphy. The members of the Council chose the executive from among their own members. President of this year's Council is Ed. Sarabura. Vice-President is Doug. Valentine. Under their guidance K.L.C.V.I. should have a most successful and prosperous year.

by JACK STEPHENSON, 10A

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

Goblins and witches, decked out in traditional black and orange, moved into K.L.C.V.I. for the annual Hallowe'en Dance, Friday, November 1st, with music by Jerry Furber and his orchestra. The Social Committee had a fine dance programme arranged. The crowd seemed to enjoy, particularly, the novelty dances and blackouts. Costume prizes, awarded during the Grand March, went to Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Cameron—best comical couple; Lorraine "Peanuts" McIsaac—best fancy dress; Mort Donlevy—most original costume. Judges were Mrs. Harris, Mr. McKay, Betty Ann Archer, Vernon Wiles.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

Gaily lighted Christmas trees provided just the right spirit for the Christmas Dance held Friday, December 20th. Besides the crowd of students, there was a large number of ex-students, home for the Festival Season, renewing K.L.C.V.I. acquaintances. All had a merry time dancing to the music of Jerry Furber and his Orchestra. The refreshment booth did a fine business all evening—which just proves how dancing can work up an appetite!

COLLEGIATE CONCERT SERIES

Unquestionably, the most enlightening and enjoyable entertainment of the year was the Collegiate Concert Series, consisting of three programmes of classical and cherished music. Though the programmes were held only on an experimental basis, the enthusiasm with which they were received is a strong assurance of their continuation.

The initial concert was held in the gymnasium on Saturday, October 12. Three teen-aged artists were presented: James Innes, violinist; Natalie Minunzi, Mezzo-Soprano; John Coveart, pianist. Their elaborate programme consisted of everything from "Melodie No. 3" by Tchaikowsky, to the romantic Scottish ballad "Annie Laurie". Although all were played well and each artist proved deserving of great praise, a programme of this type must have its dramatic moment. It came when John Coveart played the familiar and stirring "Grande Polonaise". He played with great alacrity, and deep expression; with the house-lights dimmed and the coloured spotlight concentrating your attention on his tall, gaunt form, it presented a scene that was both moving, and somehow pacifying.

In the second concert, the Harbord Collegiate Trio, composed of two violinists, Olga Pliska and Elsie Babiak and a cellist, Lionel Kernerman, was presented. The Trio was accompanied at the piano by Kathleen Irwin. During the programme several selections were played by the Trio, several duets were played by the violinists and solos were played by each member of the group. Although their numbers were not so familiar as those of the previous programme, they were appreciated as much. The concert enjoyed just as much success as its predecessor.

The "Bell Singers," a choral group of thirty feminine voices under the direction of Leslie R. Bell, were presented in the third and final concert. It was an unforgettable performance. The girls, garbed in evening dress, standing simply against a huge velvet curtain and the director, Mr. Bell, bustling about in front set the mood of the programme.

The programme was divided into four sections. The first of these was entitled "Music of the Church" and contained such classics of exaltation as "Ave Maria," "Dormi Jesu" and the lively negro spiritual "Joshua Fit de Battle o' Jericho."

The second section was entitled "Music of Many Lands" and consisted of a Folk Song Suite for Treble voices, arranged by Mr. Bell, "Ay, Ay, Ay!" a creole Folk tune, and a choral Rhapsody from Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "The Mikado".

The third portion was named "Music Through The Ages." It began with an earlier composition, "Pavan" by Wm. Byrd. This was followed by Di-Lasso's enchanting "Echo Song." Following this, Margaret Earle, soloist, sang Sullivan's haunting, "The Lost Chord". The section was ended by a modern Russian composition "Meadowland" or "Song of the Steppes."

The final section was called "Music for Moderns." The first number was Gliere's "Russian Sailor's Dance." Their next selection was the spirited American barn dance tune, "Skip To My Lou." The finale was an arrangement of 'Fantasies on Themes of Stephen Foster' by Mr. Bell.

Two encores were sung: "The Fireman's Bride", a comedy number, and the Scotch classic, "The Road to the Isles."

It was much to the disappointment of the audience that the concert series ended. It is to be hoped that they will be continued at some future date for this is the type of entertainment which will always command an audience.

by DON MacNIVEN, 13B



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Jean Cameron, Vivian Johnston, Rita Longo, Mary Daugherty, Mimi DeJoseph, Bill McColl, Doug Valentine (Vice-President),
 Winifred Connington (Secretary), Ed. Sarabura (President), Jack Stephenson, Bill Whitney, Dennis Murphy, Howard Hallick,
 Brian Thicke, Bob Barker, Alden Sherwood.



SCHOOL CHOIR

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. POWELL

YOUR STUDENTS' COUNCIL

This essay was written so that you, the students, could laugh with us over some of the comical incidents that occur at the weekly meetings of the students' council. I hope they make interesting reading.

In reading the minutes of the previous meetings, the names most frequently mentioned, are, Brian Thicke, Alden Sherwood, Bob Barker, and Doug Valentine. These four seem to do the most talking.

When Alden Sherwood makes a motion, it is nearly always rejected, and if, by some strange twist of fate, the motion is carried, we all fall over in a dead faint, and Mr. Sherwood pats himself on the back and takes a couple of bows. Mr. McColl Jr., Bill that is, likes to doodle on a piece of paper or catch up on his reading during the council meetings, but when the president says, "MR. MCCOLL" in that booming voice of his, Bill looks up meekly and puts away what he is doing.

There is also the press, in the person of Frank Lillico, who is only too willing to express his opinions on any important matter. We have quite a time trying to keep him quiet.

When some job, that seems a little too big to handle at one meeting, pops up, our president's favourite phrase is, "I think this calls for a committee." That is all right for Mr. Sarabura, since, according to "Bourenott's Book of Rules," the chairman or president is not allowed to act on a committee.

The girls are outnumbered two to one, but that doesn't prevent them from winning an argument. If we disagree with the opinions of the male members of the council, we say so, and tell them why, regardless of the consequences. Once, when we were in the middle of a very heated argument, one of the male members of the council came out with, "Somebody's feet are killing me," sending everyone around him into fits of laughter. I won't mention any names, though, since it might prove embarrassing.

Our usual closing time is six o'clock, and if the meeting closes before then, we all feel that it can't be true. At the meeting on January the twenty-second, the meeting finished at four-thirty much to the surprise of the members. Frank Lillico walked in about four-thirty, thinking the meeting had just begun; we were all getting up to go. The shocked look that came over his face was really something to see.

All joking aside, I think, and I am sure Mr. McColl and Mr. Ord will back me up, that you can be pretty proud of your choice of a council, because they are getting things done, and on a whole are doing a pretty good job of running your school.

by VIVIAN JOHNSON 12C

HISTORY OF THE K.L.C.V.I. CHOIR

The choir was formed in September, 1946, under the direction of Mr. Powell. At this time there was an enrollment of 60 members. In May of this year the choir entered in the "Temiskaming Festival of Music", at New Liskeard. They sang "The Kerry Dance", as their festival number, and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes", as their encore selection. Here they were given a mark of 86, and won the trophy given to the best high school choir. During this year they sang at many concerts.

In 1947 the choir learned many new songs, some of which they sang at the school's annual Commencement. Several members of the choir formed quartets and sang at many local activities.

by ELSIE WHITELEY, 11D

ROYAL CANADIAN ARMY CADETS

The Royal Canadian Army Cadets have always been a very active group in the history of K.L.C.V.I. In the past, all boys not air cadets who had reached Grade X were automatically members of the R.C.A.C. the annual inspection was always the highlight of the season, and cadet camp in the summer was always very successful and certainly was thoroughly enjoyed by the lucky few who could attend.

This year, however, the policy was changed slightly. All boys still have the minimum of drill and cadet work during the P.T. periods. But everything else is done on a purely voluntary basis. It was found more practical to lessen the number of the corps, so that more intensive and more specialized training could be given to those who volunteered to become Army Cadets. The value of this change is self-evident. The Army Cadets now are a group of boys from Grade IX to Grade XIII, who, after serious thought, have decided that the work is valuable and that they wish to become familiar with the Army. The mere fact that they have chosen to become cadets indicates they are interested, and the corps as a whole can only improve under such circumstances.

The voluntary system will also allow more freedom to the corps instructors until new standards can be drawn up for N.C.O.'s and officers. Under the new system, all members of the Cadet Corps will be required to meet certain standards. After this is done, the Corps commander will feel free to remove from the Cadet Corps, any member whose presence is a hindrance to the unit.

There are now approximately 110 students in the Corps. The first parade was held on March 5th at 6:45 p.m. Uniforms were issued to the new recruits. After this the parades were held at the Algonquin Regiment's armouries. Due to the kindness of Col. Akehurst, commanding officer of the Algonquin Regiment Reserve, the K.L.C.V.I. Cadet Corps have at their disposal all the equipment of the Algonquin Regiment. Their instructors have also volunteered to attend cadet parades if they are needed. These parades are held every Wednesday night from 7 to 9 p.m. at the armouries.

The necessity of raising the standards of cadet corps has long been recognized; this new plan will do just that. Under the present circumstances, the K.L.C.V.I. Cadet Corps can look forward to a bright future.

by ED. SARABURA

PROMOTION OF SCHOOL SPIRIT AT K.L.C.V.I.

This fall many students believed that K.L.C.V.I. was lacking in school spirit. On this account a committee to promote school spirit was organized under the supervision of the Students' Council. The following officers were elected by the committee: President, Alden Sherwood; Vice-President, Nora Pollock; Secretary, Mary Daugherty. Besides these executive officers the committee includes representatives from each year in the school. The principle aim of the committee is to promote school spirit by every possible means. To date, eight cheerleaders, six girls and two boys, have been appointed and trained, under the direction of Georgia MacMillan, to attend all games and sports activities of the school. The school yells have been recopied and a new and original one will be out soon. The school song is to be sung at every school function. In order that they may learn our school song, copies have been distributed to all Grade IX students. Now the committee is busy recruiting members for the choir. It is hoped that this committee, with the co-operation of the student body, will succeed in their aim to promote K.L.C.V.I.'s school spirit.

by NORA POLLOCK, M13A

THE AIR CADETS

Since the war has ended the Air Cadets of Canada have become a smaller yet a more important organization. With the current support of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which is now some 8,000 strong, the Air Cadets hope to become more closely connected with them and aim to produce some of tomorrow's air minded citizens.

WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE

The R.C.A.F. is turning over such equipment as receivers, transmitters and Link trainers to the Air Cadets for instructional purposes. In many of the squadrons throughout Canada some of the more advanced cadets are learning to fly and we hope that this will eventually happen in our own squadron. A scholarship, sponsored by the Air Cadet League, for a trip to England will be presented to some forty odd cadets this summer to further their aeronautical knowledge. Perhaps some fortunate cadet amongst our own ranks may earn this opportunity.

Last summer Warrant Officer Glover was presented with a scholarship which entitled him to one month's flying instruction at Hamilton which he concluded very successfully.

HONOURABLE MENTION

We are proud to acknowledge the fact that two of our past warrant officers are Judson Trophy winners.

Jack Henry, the first Warrant Officer of Squadron 288, has made his career aeronautical engineering and is at present at the University of Toronto. Jack claims that his two years in the Air Cadets were a great help to him in his choice of a career.

Aldo Missio, the second Warrant Officer, who is at present at Queen's University, did not follow in the footsteps of his predecessor but has said that his years in the Air Cadets have given him a background that he could not have obtained otherwise. I might add that both boys are doing exceptionally well in school in their present courses.

OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS

This year we are very fortunate in having a group of capable instructors and officers, some of whom have seen active service in the past war.

The C.O. of the Squadron, H. A. Beaumont, was a Flight Lieutenant with the R.A.F. in England and was the C.O. of the largest Radar station there. Incidentally it was one of the Radar stations to which can be given a great deal of the credit for bringing about the downfall of the Luftwaffe.

The Adjutant of the Squadron, A. W. Harris, held the rank of Flying Officer and was a navigator in the Overseas Transport Command.

Instructing in Air Administration, R. M. Young held the rank of Flight Lieutenant and was also a navigator in the Overseas Transport Command.

T. Barker, who is instructing in Signals, was a little too old to have served in the past war but is an expert in Signals.

Last but not least is a member of our own student body, W. Stalmack, who took an instructors course last summer and who has the makings of a good officer.

The Air Cadets of Squadron 288 are extremely grateful for both the moral and financial support given them by the local Kiwanis Club since the beginning of our Squadron. This year's Air Cadet Committee is headed by Mr. J. W. McBean. Under the guidance of Mr. McBean and his committee the coming year promises to be a most successful one.

by MEREDITH HOLT

K.L.C.V.I. BRASS BAND

Last year, the ambition of the school to have a well organized brass band, was realized. The school

purchased a set of used brass instruments, and these were handed out to an eager group of musical minded boys, who received instruction twice a week, after four, from M. E. Powell. Of course a good number of bandsmen owned their own horns, or clarinets, or saxes, etc., and were more proficient than the learners.

In a short time, the band was playing simple marches in good harmony. Clad in white duck trousers, white shirts and maroon ties, they practised marching and played in cadet and municipal parades. Mr. Powell, the leader then started intense practise on difficult selections, which he hoped would be played at the annual New Liskeard Music Festival. As the date of the Festival neared, the band gained valuable experience at the school's Literary Society Drama Night, and were praised lavishly. When the great day arrived, they paraded in New Liskeard, and that night took the Temiskaming trophy, for brass bands, with the score of 80% granted by the critical adjudicator for the selection, "Operatic Mingle".

At the present time, the full strength of the band is 45, and many new faces are among the ranks. Mr. Powell now is the musical director at K.L.C.V.I. and the band owns a large number of various instruments, stands, and music. The bandsmen, and in several cases, the bandswomen, are now clad in smart maroon blazers and white duck trousers.

Long practice hours are now being held for this year's Musical Festival, and these music-minded fellows, and the gals intend to hang on to the trophy, hanging in the main corridor at K.L.C.V.I.

by BILL MCCOLL

SPECIAL ART

This year, "Art" means much more to some of my classmates and me than it ever has before. On our time table is a subject called "Special Art". This Special Art class is for students in the school who like to try to "draw" and whose regular time tables do not include "Art".

Why do I say art means more to me this year? Well, for one thing, Miss Grimmon believes in beginning at the beginning. Before one does a poster, or a picture, one learns the basic ideas of design—(the breaking up of space to produce a pleasing effect). One is taught the proper proportions of letters in relation to each other; one learns to draw the human figure. Using an easel, charcoal and human models is certainly more interesting than leafing through a dozen magazines, until you find a picture to copy.

After you got your poster set up, how did you paint the illustration and printing? If you were anything like me, you put your paint brush in the paint (any colour) and smeared. Miss Grimmon to the rescue again, with a few lessons on colour harmony, the proper use of water colours and the uses of special pens. Oil painting is on the list for this Art class too.

This Special Art class also takes in crafts. Metal craft was one of the projects Miss Grimmon had lined up for us. Clay modelling and Lino cutting were others.

Yes, "Art" this year has been something new and different. I won't guarantee that Miss Grimmon will remodel this group of Special Art students into a group of artists, but she certainly has done her best to give us an idea of all branches of art, from the almost Surrealist idea of just breaking a piece of paper up into pleasing places by the use of straight and curved lines, to the craft of using your hands to create something from a lump of grey clay. She has taught us some of the elementary steps on which are built all further study of "Art".

CAROL MITCHELL, 11A



SCHOOL BAND

Front Row: Bill Farrell, Jeff Scott, Ken Dennis, Sid Moscoe, Bernard Lavallee, Don MacLeod, Lauron Soucie, Bill McColl, Ivan Atkins, Louie Blais, David Powell.

Second Row: Tom Roynon, Dick Farrell, Terry Honer, Tom Rowe, Russel Pzsklyme, Daphne McLellan, Ean Adamson, Walter Soksio, Bob Allan, Don McColl, Jim Rumball.

Last Row: Clyde Giddings, John Kuchar, Anita Grenier, Ken Wilson, Bill Ramsay, Mr. Powell (Director), Barry Gartner, Lawrence Bower, P. Oliver, Sam Habib, Ken Quantz.

WINNERS OF '47 TEMISKAMING SHIELD



SCHOLARSHIPS and SPECIAL AWARDS WINNERS

ALDO MISSIO
(Absent)

JUDSON TROPHY

Scholarship, Sportsmanship, Leadership

DORIS BERRIGAN
(Absent)

ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY
SCHOLARSHIP

Absent:

Gina D'Andrea

Elmer Olafson

First Row: Jean MacKenzie, Ann Cutler, Joan Duval, Rose Markovich, Kathleen Pollock, Jessie Kerr-Lawson, Anne Louise Maguire.

Second Row: Angus Kerr-Lawson, Mary Daugherty, Irene McLellan, Gertrude Norppa, Hugo Hemmila.

Back Row: Elmer Vuoramaki, Don Daber, Ronald MacKenzie, Louis Zagar, Peter Nemis.

ALDO MISSIO

(Judson Trophy Winner, 1945-1946)

When it was announced that Aldo Missio had won the Judson Trophy, I could only think that this was a fitting climax to a brilliant High School career. No one deserved that honour more than he.

Aldo's Academic record was simply a long record of first class honours. He breezed through lower school with excellent standings, completed middle school with seven first class honour papers, and in upper school, where it really counts, Aldo walked away with five firsts in his mathematics, and sciences. These scholastic records are, indeed, brilliant, but Aldo's intelligence is not limited to obtaining high marks or to adding and subtracting or handling the binomial theorem. No! His is a much deeper, a much finer, a much more beautiful intelligence. Aldo possesses that intangible something that enables a person to look at a problem in Algebra or Geometry, analyze it, manipulate it, solve it, understand it, see the beauty of it, appreciate the cosmic wonder of it, all in one sweeping mental movement. Although mathematics and science are his specialties, Aldo is not lost in a French, Latin or English class. In these, too, his mind is always active, always persevering, always understanding. Aldo is a student from first to last; a student who every teacher dreams of knowing, and teaching; a student who goes out of his way to acquire knowledge, (a rarity you'll admit); a student who works hard, perseveres, and gets results.

In his extra-curricular activities, Aldo was equally assiduous. He played for two years on the senior boys' basketball team, and although he was never spectacular at the game, he always put his best efforts forward, smiling sheepishly when he scored a basket or when he guarded well. In Gym team he was always a main attraction. On the parallels he attained a gracefulness and perfection of form rarely seen in a high school. Aldo also had a flare for leadership. As a member of the Air Cadets, he climbed to the highest ranking recruit in the squadron, and his precision in drill set a high standard for other cadets to follow. Aldo was also an active member of the social committee, Friday-night Club, and many other groups, and organizations. He was everywhere, and in everything, and yet he still found time to get up early in the summer mornings and go for a long bicycle ride.—Truly a remarkable person!

It was my privilege to know Aldo while he was a student here, to sit in classes with him, to play basketball with him, to attend Cadet parades with him, and I shall always have pleasant recollections of him; sitting at the back of the laboratory doing his friends' physics problems, or standing at the blackboard working on an algebra problem with Mr. Danard, or swinging gracefully up into a handstand on the parallels, or laughing at a joke in the shower room, or the shy smile he always wore, or his mild mannered walk, or his valedictory address when he shifted uneasily in front of the assembly of teachers, students, and parents and said, "I suppose the reason they chose me to make this address is because I was always poor in English and therefore my speech will be short". That is Aldo Missio, and you can be sure that wherever he goes or whatever he does, he will leave these some unforgettable impressions in people's minds.

by DONALD MacNIVEN

GRADUATION

The annual commencement exercises were held in the school gymnasium, Friday, December 27th. This year's graduation was a formal affair. All the

girls were dressed in pastel gowns and the boys in dark suits.

To the strains of a march played by the school band, the graduating class filed into the gymnasium. The chairman, Mr. A. G. McColl, introduced the guest speaker of the evening, Mr. Young, who delivered a very enlightening and instructive message to the students. The valedictory address was given by Aldo Missio, who was also the recipient of the coveted Judson Trophy. Special awards and scholarships were then given out. The school band and choir, under Mr. Powell's direction, presented several musical numbers. Towards the close of the programme crests were presented to the girls' basketball team, winner of the N.O.S.S.A. Championship of 1945-46. The programme was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

Afterwards a dance was held in the Auditorium, with music by Jerry Furber and his orchestra.

ROSE MARKOVICH 13A

SCHOLARSHIPS AND SPECIAL AWARDS AT K.L.C.V.I.

There are several scholarships and awards available to students of K.L.C.V.I. The highest honour which can be won is the Judson Trophy, donated by Dr. R. J. Neelands. This trophy is awarded annually to a graduating student for outstanding scholarship, sportsmanship, and leadership. In scholarship the whole school record from Grade IX is examined and considered. If it is a Matriculation student in his final year who has won any scholarship in competition with other schools, this is an important factor. Sportsmanship includes participation and ability in school sports. A good clean competitive school spirit as well as ability in athletics is looked for. Leadership includes all responsibilities accepted in school activities, participation in school activities and any special contribution made to school life. The Lion's Club also awards a scholarship, valued at twenty-five dollars, based on scholarship, sportsmanship, and leadership. This scholarship is limited to Grade XII graduates, but it is open to all three sections of the school, Matriculation, Commercial, and Technical. There are three CJKL scholarships worth twenty-five dollars, one for each section of the school available to Grade XII graduates of outstanding achievement.

Besides these awards for Middle and Upper School students, the Collegiate & Vocational Institute Board gives awards of seven dollars and fifty cents for outstanding achievement to students of Lower School in all three departments.

by KATHLEEN POLLOCK 13A

DEBATING

The first scheduled N.O.S.S.A. debate of the season was held Friday, October 25th. The topic under debate was "Resolved that every eighteen year old Canadian boy should have one year compulsory military training". Judges were: Mrs. Norah Kearney, Mr. R. Jackson, Mr. A. Freeson. At Kirkland Lake, the Affirmative, ably upheld by Ed. Sarabura and Brian Thicke, defeated the Schumacher contestants, Veronica Schaatz and Marjorie Wharton by 38 points. In Schumacher the Affirmative also proved successful with Mary Kirkland and Effie Monaghan defeating the Kirkland team of Frank Lillico and Fred James by 22 points. Kirkland Lake won the round by 16 points. The debate here was well attended. A heated discussion followed under the guidance of Betty Ann Archer, the debaters and audience taking part.

K.L.C.V.I. debaters again proved successful when they defeated T.H.V.S. in the second N.O.S.S.A. debate on Friday, January 10th. The topic was "Resolved that a tariff policy of protection is in the best interests of Canadians to-day". Kirkland debaters were, Betty Ann Archer, and Betty Donlevy, upholding the Negative, defeated the Timmins team of Bill Mackie and Margaret Robb by 67 points. There was no debate in Timmins as T.H.V.S. defaulted. While waiting for the judges—Mrs. Mary Akenhurst, Mr. Terence O'Rourke and Mr. G. D. O'Meara, to bring in a decision—chairman Ed. Sarabura declared the question open to the house for discussion.

P. A. SYSTEM

Early this fall, the hard working students of K.L.C.V.I. were distracted from their labours by the presence of electricians in the various rooms. The purpose of their well-received visit was the installation in our school of the now famous P. A. System.

The P.A. System consists of a network of wires originating, (I think) in the vicinity of the office and running all through the school. At the ends of these wires, (which incidentally are out of reach of "prying little fingers") are attached small box-shaped speakers with homespun fronts. The technicalities of the system are beyond my mentality; therefore, I shall omit the next ten paragraphs.

At the beginning of each broadcast, the P. A. emits a lengthy rendition of the first note of "Madam Butterfly" in order to wake up the student body. As the last strains die away, we hear a voice saying, "May we have your attention, please". This is followed by a long pause, (to build up suspense) which, in due time, is followed by the voices of either the main stars or the supporting cast. Perhaps it would be wise to explain at this point the difference between these two—the supporting cast are the speakers who come on only once in a while for a short time, while the main stars come on frequently and talk for hours, (thus forcing us to stop work for a longer time). After each speaker has been heard and duly appreciated, the orchestra again comes in with a few notes of some unknown selection which are often mistaken for the sound of a microphone being raised or lowered.

The highlight of the week is the Friday morning broadcast on which we hear a summary of the more exciting events of the Students' Council. Due to poor acoustics, it is necessary to strain our ears in order to hear every feeble sound that issues from Sarabura's weak frame. Nevertheless, we delight in the information that the Council needs fifty dollars and that they have (with their ingenious little minds) devised a plan for raising the needed money, (not to be confused with raising kneaded dough). Also, every second Friday morning, we hear the slow, southern drawl of Miss Markovich, who explains why you must see the girls' next basketball tussle.

Lately, however, this general pattern has been disrupted. It seems that numerous uniforms have been accidentally left at home by absent-minded students. The names of these culprits, plus their cell numbers, are broadcast daily in alphabetical order, with repetition for effect. Due to the large number of scholars who are financially embarrassed and are forced to wear "borrowed" uniforms, this type of program frequently takes 15 or 20 minutes. Although the teachers are overjoyed with this unexpected holiday, the students run up high blood pressure at the infuriating thought of lost time.

For the benefit of those who do not regain consciousness when the P. A. begins, we are adding to this masterpiece of stock phrases and major

errors, a short account of the more famous broadcasts.

Much to the delight of both teachers and students, the talented members of 11A staged a short character story, entitled, "The Pedagogical Problems of Miss A. Pinkerton" or "Annie Get Your Gun". The performance featured the widely discussed young singing star, Joyce Davis, with Carol Mitchell, Bill McColl and the entire roll call of 11A. The story began with Miss Pinkerton (her more intimate friends called her "Annie"), a high school teacher, gaily singing on her way to school, seemingly oblivious of what lay before her. The interest in the story lies in the complete change in the character of Miss Pinkerton. The first morning that we see her, she is kind and sympathetic toward her students, but as the day progresses (and the P. A. comes on at least half a dozen times) we notice that she is becoming hard and cruel. We travel with her through one hectic day of school and finally at the end of the play we again find Miss Pinkerton (who has marked compositions all night) on her way to school. My, what a change! Instead of our gay, carefree pedagogue, we find a callous creature, cynically singing "Oh what a Beautiful Morning", as she calmly steps over the still warm body of one of her students, shot by her pearl-handled revolver.

On one other rare occasion, our miserable lives were brightened by the P. A. For a few tense moments of glorious agony, we listened raptly to the tender and moving story of "George's Other Mother's Brother". Tears coursed unchecked down our cheeks as George began to beat the orphan who is really his other uncle's nephew, otherwise known as Joe. As usual, the announcer broke in to tell us to "tune in tomorrow to find out whether George will beat him or beat it before his other grandmother comes home from the boiler factory where she works night shift in order to finance an operation on her other brother's other leg". However, a future Edison was paged, who immediately set the P. A. back on its course, and we heard the delicate, feminine voice of "Miss" Lethbridge.

by JOAN WYATT, 13A

A TOUR OF THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

I'd like all of you to come with me on a trip to our K.L.C.V.I. Home Economics Department.

Before that part of the school had been completed, in the fall of 1945, everyone was talking about the new rooms, asking questions about them, and frequently inspecting them in person when the teacher turned her back.

"Oh, is it ever smart!" someone would exclaim.

"I wish they'd hurry up and finish it. I can't wait to start cooking and sewing in here", somebody else would remark.

Well, enough of the past—let us get started with our tour. First, let me take you into room 30, our new sewing room. The walls are painted a peach shade; the ceiling is done in white. We have M-O-D-E-R-N fluorescent lighting in this room—very easy on the eyes. Here we see two large cupboards in which the girls keep their sewing bags and projects. There are two rows of long work tables (4 tables to one row) down the length of the room.

The nine sewing machines are all placed along the wall at a convenient distance apart. As we walk down to have a look at them, the beautiful flowery drapes catch our eye. Suit the room just perfectly, don't they? In the far corner of the room we see these drapes converted into a miniature dressing room for the girls who wish to try on gar-

ments which they are in the process of making. Also in this small dressing room we find a large cupboard, which, when opened, reveals two full-sized mirrors. The cupboard itself contains sewing pamphlets, books, and equipment.

Oh, I almost forgot to show you something. Let's go back and inspect the bulletin board. Here we see fashions, "the latest", which are cut out from the most popular ladies' magazines and tacked up for one and all to see.

Next we'll investigate Room 31, our new and modern Home Economics room. This room is divided by partitions into five sections. The cupboards and bookcases act as partitions.

This room has a white ceiling, peach coloured walls, and the woodwork and cupboards are painted a light turquoise. There are four huge windows which will be decorated by hand-painted drapes (designed by our own art classes). These drapes will probably be completed in the very near future. Also, in the very near future, there are going to be two beautiful pictures hanging on the walls of this room.

As I told you before, this room is divided into five sections to represent the rooms of a house. On the left-hand side we see the kitchen and laundry. On the right-hand side we find the dining room, living room, and bedroom.

In the kitchen we see numerous cupboards and drawers, a sink, two Hotpoint electric stoves, and a refrigerator, and a work-table. Now we look into the laundry section. Here we find two ironing boards which pull out of the wall, two laundry tubs, and some more cupboards. Below the tub we see a large laundry bin, and some laundry pans which are concealed in another cupboard. Beside these we come upon an automatic dish towel drier—what will they think of next!

Let's look now at the other three divisions of the room. First, there is the dining room. It is equipped with a china cabinet, a table, and chairs. Next we see the living room, which, although at the present time is suffering from lack of furniture, is soon going to have a new chesterfield suite and a small coffee table.

Now we investigate the bedroom, which is equipped with a bed, medicine cabinet, a table and textbooks. This is where the nurse practises on the nervous patient!

Well, that's that. Let's step into room 32 now, and have a look at it. This room is painted a lemon yellow shade, with white cupboards and woodwork. It has a dining room, rows of cupboards along the wall, two sinks for laundry, and a sink for washing dishes. There are five large tables with stone tops, on which the girls practise their cooking. On each of these tables is a small electric stove, and in drawers in the tables we find utensils for cooking. There are also two large electric stoves, and another automatic dish towel drier. This room will easily accommodate 20 people.

Room 32 and Room 31 are two very different types of place. In Room 31, as you have probably guessed, the girls work at different stations and take turns at practising their work in the different departments. The waitress for the day would work in the dining room; the laundress in the laundry; and the cook in the kitchen. In room 32, everyone works at the same thing. At times, of course, when we prepare luncheons or cook for special occasions, the girls do various types of cooking. This room is called a "straight cooking room".

I hope you have enjoyed our tour as much as I enjoyed having you as my guests!

by STELLA KAMINSKI, 12C

ON THE OFFICE STAFF

"And what do you do," I said, "to look busy?" With one withering glare Marion Overton, Gloria Davis and Mary Daugherty bore down on me—with intent to kill, maim or wound, no doubt! The girls of the K.L.C.V.I. office staff were out to prove their worth.

"Do you know," said Miss Overton, "that we do most of the stencils for the school?"

"Ah, stencils!" I groaned, "you mean exams!" "Not only exams, but also those nice notes for Home Economics and Botany classes and instructions for shop work."

"And," added Miss Davis, "don't forget that after stencils are cut, we have to run off hundreds of mimeographed copies."

"Right," I cried, scribbling furiously to get all the information down.

"Then, there's the book store," put in somebody. "You know all the work connected with a store. Well, this is just the same—we buy the books, struggle for a discount, balance the accounts, take stock and hand the texts over the counter with a smile."

"True K.L.C.V.I. spirit," I murmured admiringly.

"The Lost and Found," they groaned in unison, "tell her about the fountain pens—ones that work and otherwise, all the junk that the honest students of the Collegiate turn in, and which nobody ever calls for. We've got quite a pile here now, if anybody's interested!"

"Don't forget all the filing we do. There are individual attendance cards, the cards on which recommendations are based, character analysis, etc. Those attendance cards are the headache—hundreds to be taken out and refiled every day. All this is in addition to school correspondence, dictation, and so on."

"I take it back, girls; I never really meant it anyway. We all know how hard you work and that K.L.C.V.I. couldn't get along without you."

by ANN ROBSON 13B

UNDERGROUND SURVEYING

At 9:30 every Friday morning the cry "Geronimo" rings through the head-frame of the Hudson Rand Mine as the ten students of Form 12VT plunge 800 feet below the surface of the earth to begin a day of practical training and adventure.

Upon reaching the cold damp 800 foot level, the class is divided into three groups. Two of these groups carry on surveying, while the third takes samples of rock from the workings of the mine. Underground surveying consists of locating various points with respect to one another throughout the drifts and cross-cuts so that drawings may be made of the underground workings of the mine.

After two and a half hours of strenuous labour everything is dropped (valuable instruments included) as the class wanders in search of a dry, comfortable and quiet place to eat—if such a place can be found!

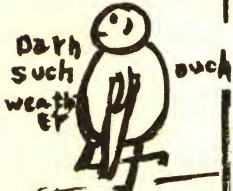
After lunch hour the class works until two o'clock. Then they are warned to prepare for the miners' blast. The blast comes suddenly with a very short warning in the form of a sharp crack. This is followed by a terrific concussion.

When the excitement of the blast has settled, the equipment is packed in preparation for the return to surface. On surface the instruments are cleaned and put away until the following Friday. Then, once again, the cry "Geronimo" announces the beginning of another day underground.

by DOUG. MOORE 12VT



Valentine

Valens-
strong
ClaudeClausus-
Lame

Felix

Ho! No! Tee-tee
Ho! Ho!

Felix - Happy

Joyce Davis
&
Hilda Buchholz
II A

The Latin Family
Augustus Calvin is what I'm called
Augustus - exalted
Calvus - bald.

My wife - Lillian Mable
Is always helpful, and
Oh so able

To care for our "little" family,
Which is not so little -
As you can see.

Stella

Stella-
Star

Regina

Regina-
Queen

Priscilla

-an old
Fashioned
girl

Paul



Paulus - Little

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL
TRACK

HOCKEY
GYM TEAM

SKIING
BADMINTON

VOLLEYBALL
CURLING



BOYS' ATHLETICS: Edited by Walter Stalmack

After being in a state of hibernation during the war years, sports at K.L.C.V.I. are again beginning to hit their stride. Some old timers will remember the years '41-2 when we won the N.O.S.S.A. Senior Basketball competition by beating North Bay in two fast and furious games. Also they will remember the Junior Rugby team, who took the N.O.S.S.A. Rugby League. The next couple of years saw a decided decline in all inter-school competitions for various reasons. The government restricted travelling because of wartime conditions, and besides, most of our stars had left to join the forces. Even the Coach and P.T.I., Ralph Thornton, left for service with the R.C.A.F.

To some extent, last year, we revived the N.O.S.S.A. competitions. The girls came back victorious, the Basketball League's Champions. The

boys, however, did not fare so well. They did get down to Sault St. Marie, when they beat out the rest of the Northern teams, but were trounced by the Soo Wildcats.

In the realm of softball, the Collegiate won the 1945 Senior Men's League. The hockey team in 1946 won in their league, bringing back with them the Campbell Cup for Junior "B" series.

Rugby has fallen off since 1942, and we have not been able to get a team together since. The situation is almost the same regarding field days and track meets. Mr. Regimball informs me, however, that next year will feature a complete sports syllabus, and we should have enough good teams to stop any and all challengers.

"DREAMER"

SENIOR BASKETBALL

As in past years, basketball is the featured sport in this school. This year we have developed a first rate squad, who have gone through the first six games of the N.O.S.S.A. competitions undefeated. There is every reason that they should return from Sudbury, a Championship team.

In the first of these encounters, they played host to Noranda. The Quebec boys succumbed before a 35-10 onslaught. Although they really fought well and hard, we learned later that they had not begun their season's practice until about a week before the game. This may explain the wide margin in scoring. Hector Cecol, one of our veteran forwards, was in fine form, and helped with a total of 14 points.

The following week, the team went to the Timmins district for a double tilt with the Schumacher and Timmins schools. In the Friday night game with Schumacher, our seniors chalked up their second win. It was a fast, rough game, with both teams feeling each other out. Kirkland scored steadily from the first, and Schumacher just couldn't stop those long shots. Hec Cecol again helped to pile the 30-14 win with 7 points, sharing the spotlight with Cimeta of the opponents also with seven points.

The next night, the Timmins team were also beaten, but they proved much more of a thorn in the side than their neighbours, Schumacher. Although a 39-29 score seems to be a healthy margin, it didn't seem so during the game. Timmins were ahead till the end of the half, at which time Kirkland started to put on more steam to the tune of 13 points in the last quarter. The team was worried about the outcome of the game, for they figured the Timmins team as their biggest threat.

The following week featured a slightly different story when Timmins returned to play Kirkland here. Many spectators are still talking about the game, and will be for some time. It was a rough type of basketball, for the northerners were out for scalps. The scoring was neck and neck all the way, with neither team more than a couple of points in the lead. Cecol and MacNiven were putting them in for K.L.C.V.I. while Laakso, and Gavan shone for the visitors. The game ended a 19-19 tie, and in the five minutes overtime, excitement rose to a high pitch. Timmins pulled ahead again with a foul shot by Mennie, but this was followed closely by a field goal by Morgan. Again a Timmins player was fouled and Svelnis made it good to tie the score again. The team shuttled the ball back and forth, neither getting a good shot at a basket, until finally

MacNiven came around with the deciding field goal to beat our biggest hurdle 23-21. Had our boys made a few more than one foul shot out of the 16 tries, there wouldn't have been such a question over the results.

The following week featured the second in the three games series played in Kirkland and, although not as rough as the Timmins tussle, still packed a few thrills for the fans. The lads from South Porcupine put up a very good fight against almost overwhelming odds. Being a comparatively new team, they could not stand up against the local squad who were just starting to hit their stride. They were outscored from the beginning and the end of the first half saw Kirkland leading 19-7. The Porky team warmed up for 17 points in the next half, but it was no good against the terrific drive of the locals to the tune of 34 points. The 53-24 score is the first Kirkland had in the 50's, which in any man's language, is a good morale builder, (not that they needed any).

The crowds at the last home game saw Kirkland again roll on to a victory over Schumacher. Southall started the scoring with a field goal, and Schumacher were left behind in the scoring for the rest of the game. The horn sounded on a 39-15 count, and Kirkland was sure of the playoffs in Sudbury.

There still remain two games to be played in this northern part of the N.O.S.S.A. as this magazine goes to press. The team is fairly confident of remaining undefeated till Sudbury. After that, who knows, maybe Toronto. After that?

THE SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

GERRY MORGAN:

Team Captain, an outstanding veteran guard of the squad, who gets the points when we need them. Average 2.4 points per game. Nickname—"Captain Morgan". (90 proof). Floor pastime—Closing his eyes and sinking long shots from centre.

HECTOR CECOL:

High scoring, shifty forward. He netted 85 points in ten games. He is also the team "bad man" with 18 personal fouls. Nickname—"Zeke". Floor pastime—pounding six-foot, 200 pound guards to a pulp, and then some.

DON MacNIVEN:

Left forward and team high scorer accumulating 96 points in ten games. Nickname—"Influence". Floor pastime—Amateur hypnotism.



**SENIOR BOYS'
BASKETBALL TEAM**

Edward Sarabura, Eddie Marining, Clive Southall, Andy Koval,
 Doug Valentine, Walter Stalmack (Trainer), Mr. Macauley (Coach), Mike Hryb,
 Frank Oravec, Don MacNiven, Joe McAskill,
 Elmer Swan, Hector Cecol,
 Gerry Morgan (Captain).



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Bill McColi, Meredith Holt, Zeke Slade, Mr. Cameron (Coach), Ed. Davis, Jack Peever, George Raki,
 Jerry Kaplan, Syd. Finkleman, Roddy Keizer, Dave Walters, Lucien Delaine,
 Lorne Howes, Don MacLean, Don MacDougall.

CLIVE SOUTHALL:

High scoring centre, netting 52 points for the season. Nickname—"Olive Southam" (Timmins Daily Press). Floor pastime—Lying on the floor and smiling at Anna.

ELMER SWAN:

The team's only clean player with merely three fouls this season. A fast passing centre, averaging 2.1 points per game. Nickname—"Swede". Floor pastime—Looking handsome.

EDDIE MARINING:

Made a very good showing as a guard for a first year player. Had an average of one point and one foul in each game. Nickname—"Swivel-hips" and "Dago". Pastime—Jumping higher and hippping harder than the opponents.

FRANK ORAVEC:

Our short, fast forward, who is primarily a play-maker, taking time out, however, to sink 11 points this season. Nickname—"Little Gus". Floor pastime—Punching teammates in the eye.

EDDIE SARABURA:

A monstrous, but efficient guard. His proud average is 1.5 points per game. Nickname—"Boor-rah!" Floor pastime—Baritone recitals of the "Maroon and White".

JOE McASKILL:

Diminutive forward, racking up 22 points in his first year of senior Basketball. Nickname—"Dur-ante". Floor pastime—Looking woe-begotten in the corners.

ANDY KOVAL:

A tall lackadaisical guard, who has done an excellent job of defending our basket. Nickname—"Peter". Floor pastime—Swearing in six languages.

MIKE HRYB:

Also a high class guard. Nickname—"Charlie Atlas". Floor pastime—Flexing his muscles and knocking the opponents off the floor.

DOUG VALENTINE:

The newest addition to the team, but really an up and coming forward. Nickname—"Val". Floor pastime—Being where you least expect to see him.

R. T. MACAULAY:

A big time basketball player, now high school basketball coach. Teaches English in his spare time. Nickname—"Rahja" (with the head touching the floor). Pastime—Trying to keep the team in shape.

by "DREAMER"

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Early in December, this year, a new basketball squad came into being at K.L.C.V.I., coached by Mr. Cameron. A large number of boys turned up weekly for the try-outs, but finally the number was narrowed down to fourteen boys. (5 guards, 7 forwards, 2 centres.)

The team plays in a league with Junior Teams from Noranda, Schumacher, Timmins, Cochrane, New Liskeard, and South Porcupine.

Their first tussle was with the Senior boys from New Liskeard High School. After playing a very close, fast game, which went into overtime, the Juniors were beaten out, 25-20.

In Noranda, on Friday, February 7th, they racked up the score of 26-9 against a mixed team of Juniors and Seniors from Noranda High. "Dit" Holt and Jerry Kaplan were top scorers of the night, backed by a very tight defense. These boys played a zone defense game that proved most effective in the Noranda Gym. Several weeks later they returned to Noranda for the first scheduled N.O.S.S.A. game and chalked up the score of 27-17 over a more

determined Noranda squad of Juniors.

Watch for these names on future K.L.C.V.I. Basketball line-ups:

Meredith Holt.....	Centre.....	Jack Peever
Lucien Delaine.....	Forward.....	Lorne Howes
Jerry Kaplan.....	Forward.....	Syd. Finkleman
George Racki.....	Guard.....	Ed. Davis
Dave Walters.....	Guard.....	Don MacDougall
Don Maclean.....	Forward.....	Bill McColl
Roddy Keizer.....	Forward.....	Zeke Slade

by BILL MCCOLL

ON GOING TO TIMMINS TO PLAY BASKETBALL

We were to leave for Porcupine on the 1.20 train on Friday, January the twenty-fourth. The week was long, and cold, and dismal. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday dragged by. It seemed endless. At last Friday morning broke in all its winter glory; it rained that day; I awoke to the sudden clatter of the alarm clock. Had it been any other day, I would have calmly knocked it off the dresser, rolled over on my other side, and drifted into a delightful sleep. But not this day, for I was possessed with the persistent restlessness which usually precedes a trip of this nature—a restlessness that starts somewhere in the dim night, and has a person shooting foul shots by three o'clock in the morning.

Immediately I leapt out of bed, and, remembering that I was in training, went through my morning routine of exercises, two free arm swings, and two deep breaths. I coughed violently, and staggered to the bathroom to spruce up. This, incidently, was around nine o'clock in the morning. I ate, washed, and put my shirt on backwards, all in ten minutes. And, punctual as usual, I arrived at school for my 9:20 Algebra class.

There I met Doug, Koval, Sarabura, and "Zeke" Cecol; naturally we had to discuss our plans for the coming afternoon. This always proves harassing to the teachers concerned, but it pacifies, for the moment, the insistent, gnawing restlessness that stirred in the pits of our stomachs. We weathered Algebra. The first bell rang, and it was the signal for the restlessness to start. It spread like a film of oil over water, up from the pits of our stomachs, up the back of our spines, and across our necks toward our heads. The second bell rang! We leapt to our feet, out into the corridors, and down the stairs. At the bottom Cecol turned to me. "Going to Geometry?" he asked. The restlessness shivered through me. "No!" I said, "I'll only sit there, and shift in my seat; I won't even hear a word that's said." I smiled. I never do hear a word. Then Cecol smiled, for I had said what was in his mind. We turned to go. Mr. Harris shouldered out of his room, and glared at us. We went to Geometry. The morning dragged on wearily, and we sat motionless in our seats, waiting.

In Trigonometry I grew restless again; I stirred in my seat. I looked at Doug. He stirred restlessly in his seat. Time slugged slowly uphill. Somehow, we battered it out, but we felt tired at 11:20.

At my locker, the restlessness crept up on me again. First the questions: How much time did I have? Wonder if the Swede (that's what we call Swan) is up? Wonder if mom has a clean towel? Wonder if I brought up all my equipment from the locker?

Then the little fears; What if I haven't all my equipment? What if I can't get the Swede up? What if I can't get a clean towel? What! What! What!

Thousands of questions, thousands of whats, thousands of worries—I grew panicky. I threw my books roughly in my locker, grabbed my coat, and my partner's hat; remembered I didn't wear a hat; took it off; picked up my overshoes; battled vainly to get them on; succeeded; staggered down the stairs, and out of the door. The air was fresh, and the cold winter rain splashed gently on my face. I was home by 11:45, and from the moment I entered the door, I was immersed in the little turbulent world of last minute preparations. I swung quickly into my tasks. I threw off my overcoat, and overshoes. The latter splashed snow around the foot of the stove. My mother looked up from the table where she was diligently pressing my pants. "Will you stop throwing snow over the house!" she commanded. I swept the snow in a pile beside the stove. It melted, and trickled out in little rivulets across the linoleum. My mother frowned. "Lots of hot water?" I asked. "There's always lots of hot water," she said sardonically. I felt foolish. I picked up a towel, and took refuge in the bathroom. I disrobed quickly, ran the hot water into the tub, and sank contentedly into the soothing water; the effect was so pleasant I almost forgot to wash. Suddenly I thought of the time. "How's the time?" I gurgled. "Twelve thirty," my mother replied. I started; half an hour gone, and so much to do. I bathed, and dried rapidly, shaved, changed my underclothes, and flitted out of the bathroom in fifteen minutes. I went to the bedroom, and by the time I was finished dressing, my mother had all my equipment, and extra luggage neatly set out. Thank God we have mothers!

I remembered Swede, dashed for my overcoat, threw it on, and dashed out the door. Bang! I ran into the Swede. "Hello Mac," groaned Swan. "You're up I see!", I exclaimed idiotically, as he lay staring up at me from his prone position on the porch. I helped him to his feet and together we entered the house. Swan had his luggage bag with him. The Swede and I always room together; the coach is afraid I'll get lost. I packed my equipment. I checked everything ten times. It was a relief to see that bag locked. I sighed. "What about your extra clothes?" smiled the Swede. Good Heavens! My extra clothes! "Do you know anyone who could possibly have a small suit case?" I questioned. My mind clicked. I didn't wait for the Swede to answer. "The Ewings!" I blurted with an air of triumph, as if I had discovered a continent. I stood for a moment, wonderfully pleased with my display of intelligence. "We got to get hustling," urged the Swede, "I have to dress yet. 'I wonder who's going to look after who?' I thought. 'Maybe the coach?' I thought of his wife; somebody will, I hope.

The Swede slapped me into action. I bounded out the door like an Ape. No, I hardly think that simile is adequate. Let's see,—like a lion, (signifies power), like a fox (signifies alertness), or like a rabbit (signifies spryness). I bounded out the door like an Ape, and headed up Fourth Street towards the Ewings. When I got there I fumbled with the request, half-fearing they would resent it. Finally, after a few minutes deliberation as to how I would ask for it, I spoke cunningly. I said, "I want a bag!" Don smiled at me curiously. "Certainly," he said. "We'll fix you up." "Always efficient," I thought. He disappeared upstairs, and presently returned with a small, square, overnight bag. I stood amazed. How could anybody keep things where they could always put their fingers on them? It was all too efficient. "Here," he said, handing me the bag. "Affectionately yours, Donald." He said it in jest. I smiled. I thought he had said, "Efficiently yours!" I thanked him, and slipped shyly out of the plain, efficient door.

I dropped in to see the Swede on my way home.

I was exasperated. The Swede was combing his dashing blonde hair. I cupped my hand indignantly over the scraggly wave that piled up like a coil of barbed wire on my brow. "I'm going to finish my packing," I said, "and then I'll come and get you." "I'll see you later then," Swan replied, never turning from the mirror, his fingers working deftly among his blonde waves. I half-expected the mirror to crack. I left. At home my mother finished the packing, while I nibbled at my lunch. I glanced at the clock, 12:30. The bus leaves 12:50; the last frantic dash! I gulped down the last of my coffee, donned my overshoes, scrambled into my overcoat, grabbed my suitcase, and fled out of the door. My mother came to the door, and yelled, "Good-luck," after me, as I faded down the street, scarf and tie flapping, like the washing on a windy day.

I raced into the Swede's house, motioned to the clock, shoved him into his overcoat, grabbed his extra suitcase, and hustled him out of the door. We stopped momentarily at the school to wish the fair-ones our adieus. I appeared cool and collected, as I always do when confronted by the opposite sex. We said our farewells, and fled once more—out of the school, down Second Street, along Prospect, past the Post Office, by the Police Station, across the main street; we arrived exhausted at the bus stand.

Koval was the only member of the team there. He was leaning sadly against the grey brick of the building, his minute bag lying at his feet like a well-trained dog. He smiled benignly at us, and said, "Oh! haven't you heard? The train is two hours late." There was a hint of sarcasm in his voice, but we didn't care; the tension had lifted. Everything was fine. We had been nervous for nothing!

Later while I was reclining comfortably against the leather cushion of a seat in the "Ontario Northland," I thought about it, and it seemed amusing. I looked about at my team mates; the Swede, reading contentedly, "Gus" Oravec, cleaning the rest of the boys out, including Mr. Macauley at cards, Clive Southall amusing Betty Macauley, and Dreamer Stalmack, curled up on a seat, sleeping. They were quiet, but it wasn't hard to see that the restlessness was stirring up inside of them; a muscle quivering, a lone sighing, a sharp curse, as someone tired of cards, a sparkle in an eye. It wasn't hard to see that it was going to be a hectic trip, and I knew I would be in the middle of it, but I didn't give a hoot for I also knew that I could laugh at it when it was over.

I settled deeper into the leathery seat, and glanced out of the window. It was dusk, and the light of the dying sun sifted, blood-red through greying, motionless clouds.

by DONALD MacNIVEN

BADMINTON

Badminton is back again this year and it looks as if it's really in solid. It was about five years ago that any decent sized club was active in the school. Some of the kids had get-togethers on Saturday mornings last year, but, at the most, only about ten enthusiasts turned out regularly.

This year Bob Young, Maths and Science teacher, returned to the school after four years in the R.C.A.F. He began asking for members for a school badminton club. In a few weeks he was swamped with well over a hundred names. Then it was decided that the membership fee should be a dollar. Oddly enough, the number of prospective members dropped to about seventy-five. These members receive for their dollar, the use of school racquets and all the birds they may need during the school year.

This is a real bargain, made possible by help from the Board of Education which has given a grant to the club.

Credit must also be given to Doug McKay, a new member of the teaching staff, who, along with Mr. Young, really knows which side his bird is battered on. These two men have to give instructions on the run because the members are rotating constantly on the three courts to give everyone an equal share of batting time.

Because of the large membership this year, there is talk of interschool competition in the spring. If other activities are taken up with as much interest as the badminton, it won't be long until we have reached an all-time high in school spirit.

by DOUG. VALENTINE

THE HOCKEY TEAM

Last year K.L.C.V.I.'s hockey team went a long way. All of you remember the "Red Devils". With Bun Cook as coach and A. G. McColl as manager, this team came through to win the Campbell Cup, emblem of the N.O.H.A. Junior "B" Championship. This year the school has another Junior "B" team also called "Red Devils", who are going to do their best to keep that trophy. This year's team is almost entirely made up of new players. This year sees also a change in coaches, that job being taken over by Maurice Regimball, the new P.T. Instructor.

You are probably wondering why you have not heard much about this team. At the beginning of the season we were hoping to enter into Junior "B" League with Noranda, New Liskeard, and Kapuskasing. This did not materialize and we were forced to disband just before Christmas. We re-formed again a few weeks later, with the promise that we would play exhibition games until the playoff time. We would then enter the N.O.H.A. playoffs to defend our title.

So far we have played only three exhibition games, two with Noranda Junior "B" team and one with Haileybury Intermediate Club. In the first encounter with Noranda, we were defeated 6-2, but in the return game we tied them 3-3. In our third game we defeated the Haileybury team to the tune of 5-3.

Although our games have been few, we have been practicing regularly Tuesday and Saturday afternoons at 4 o'clock, and the team has been improving steadily. On Sunday, February 23, 1947, we began our playoffs with the Noranda Squad in Noranda. The second game of this series was held on Kirkland ice on February 26, 1947. If a third game in this series is necessary, it will be played on a later date.

The winning team will meet Kapuskasing and the winner of that series will meet North Bay to decide this year's N.O.H.A. Junior "B" Champs, and winners of the Campbell Cup.

If the Northern Ontario playoffs are finished early enough, a series with Southern Ontario may be arranged. The 1945-46 K.L.C.V.I. Junior "B" squad won the Cup for the school; this year's team is going "all out" to keep it here.

The team: Forwards—P. Roche, R. Ewing, C. Ryan, D. Mahew, J. Hornell, D. Ridley, J. Bobenic, R. Marshall, and L. Howes.

Defense: P. Mandrow, L. Mathieu, J. Beaton.

Goal: S. Milbury.

Sub-Goal: E. Marining.

Trainer: "Doc" Fedorack.

Stick-Boy: L. Caduro.

by RALPH EWING, 12A

FIELD DAY

The year's athletic activities started off in high gear with a Fall Field Day; incidentally, this was the first track session since '41. The weather for the occasion was brisk, and the various contestants

looked almost healthy as they pranced and dashed about in an array of odd coloured shorts and dilapidated track shoes. Although the turnout was none too encouraging, due undoubtedly to the poor physical condition of the upper school, the meet was successful.

Bill Fedorak, Mike Hryb, Ray Marshal and Willard Stoughton were top performers for the Senior events. Mort Donlevy, J. Duff, A. Orazi, Douglas Sprague and J. Peever captured firsts in the Intermediate classics, while V. Mortson and W. Soroka took the honours in the Juniors.

SENIOR EVENTS

100 yd. Dash: B. Fedorak, D. Hryciw, R. Ewing.

220 yd. Sprint: B. Fedorak, Donlevy, Lonsdale.

Standing Broad Jump: Marshal, Stoughton and Hryb (tied second), Ewing.

Running Broad Jump: Stoughton, Hryb and Marshal.

Hop Step and Jump: Marshal, Hryb, and Southall.

Shot Put: Hryb, Oravec, Stoughton.

High Jump: Hryb, McKinnon, Ewing.

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

100 yd. Dash: Donlevy, Duff, Bocknick.

220 yd. Sprint: Donlevy, Mallette, Peever.

Standing Broad Jump: Duff, Chorzepa, MacDonald.

Running Broad Jump: Sprague, Tuck, MacDonald.

Hop Step and Jump: Sprague, MacDonald, Pechavar.

Shot Put: Orazi, Olzaucy, Davis.

High Jump: Peever, Sprague, Lepic.

JUNIOR EVENTS

75 yd. Dash: Soroka, Mortson, Anderson.

220 yd. Sprint: Mortson, Soroka, Anderson.

Standing Broad Jump: Soroka, Anderson, Hover.

Running Broad Jump: Mortson, Soroka, Ferguson.

Shot Put: Mortson, Anderson, Soroka.

High Jump: Soroka, Simms, Smith.

by DREAMER 13B

GYM-TEAM

After being almost non-existent for the past two or three years' the school Gym-Team is back with all the form and style of the old days.

Supervisor, "Dreamer" Stalmack, with the aid of instructors George Cannon, Frank Kelemen, and Mike Olynik, has whipped these boys into a smart looking squad.

Instructions have been given on the horse, parallel bars, mats, and the high-bar. Most of the boys have mastered a great number of movements on all pieces of apparatus.

The team will probably put on several displays, and at least one for the student body.

The Team Seniors: Cliff Linton, Bill Prosser, Ron Groom, Cyril Mallette, Lindsay Tuck, Gordon Shale.

The Team Juniors: Tommy Wilkes, T. Geraux, George Birnie, Billy Needham.

by GORDON SHALE

CURLING

Once again this year, as in previous years, the Junior Curling Club was started up under the direction of Mr. McColl.

At the first meeting held shortly before Christmas, Bill Ramsay was elected President, Frank Lillico, Vice-President, and Lindsay Tuck, Secretary-Treasurer. Following the meeting, Mr. Tom Ramsay gave a chalk-talk, outlining the rules, regulations, and aims of the club, emphasizing the fact that Curling is a sportsman's game, and good sportsmanship is extremely necessary to a good Club.

A tournament with the Englehart Club for the possession of the Thomas Tooke Trophy climaxed the weekly practice of the Curlers every Friday afternoon from 4 to 6. At the time of writing Englehart is 7 points ahead.

by FRANK LILICO

GIRLS' ATHLETICS: Edited by Joan Wyatt

BASKETBALL

This is the favourite sport of the school, and is under the heading of Interform and Interscholar basketball. In the Interform basketball, each form has one or two teams, which it enters into combat with other form teams. In this way, every girl in the school has a chance to fight, (oops, we mean play).

As we go to press:

Shirley McGill's team (Grade 9H) is leading in the Junior battle.

Noella Duff's team (10E) in the Intermediate, and

Jenny Hryb's team (11D) in the Senior.

After convincing yourself that you are the best forward (or guard) that the Alma Mater has produced, you "try out" for the Senior Team. Because of the extreme modesty of the girls, only about 100 try out. Ultimately, this number dwindles down to about 15, which forms the Senior Team.

The '46-'47 team consists of ten very beautiful, very shapely young women whom you may see photographed in the engaging style of Eddie Duke, on the opposite page.

The lineup of the battling beauties is as follows:

(1) ROSE MARKOVICH:
Captain, slim, brown-eyed brunette. Accounts for a good share of the points.

(2) DOROTHY CHISHOLM:
Centre Forward—A dimpled miss with a sense of humour. Excellent at lay-over shots.

(4) CLARICE MacDONALD:
Centre Guard—Blonde bombshell. Hasn't got a basket this year.

(5) GERTRUDE NORPPA:
Left Guard—Statuesque (whatever that means). Always reliable.

(3) FRANCES MCGILL:
Left Forward—Toothpaste smile but should a mother . . . ? Enormous appetite. Couldn't hit a barn door.

(4) VELMA COLE:
Centre Forward—She uses Pond's. Dead shot, but continually drifts into rugby tactics.

(5) ANNA GRENIER:
Left Forward—Tanned and terrific. Wonderful on long shots.

The defensive players are:

(1) MILDRED HANYK:
Centre Guard—Delightful to know. Hard on the morale of the other team.

(2) MARY STUKEL:
Right-Left Guard—Closely resembles last year's captain. Toughest (?) player on the team.

(3) JOAN WYATT:
Right Guard—Censored. Censored.

These envied Amazons battle on behalf of the Collegiate, against other schools for the coveted N.O.S.S.A. Championship.

In '38-'39, K.L.C.V.I. was the proud possessor of this title, but unfortunately this honour passed to Timmins in '39-'40. However, in '45-'46, with Olga Zebruk as Captain, the cup again graced our Main Hall.

This year with Rose Markovitch as Captain, the team is fighting furiously to retain the cup.

The first game of the year was played on the Home Floor on January 24th, against our deadly rivals, Timmins. Frightened out of our almost

negligible wits by the length and breadth of our opponents, we crept onto the floor, but swaggered off with the game (30-10).

On January 31, an exhibition game was played with our local grads, who, by the way, provide the team with some pretty stiff competition at practice. Again our team won—the score being 24-14.

On February 7th, the team, accompanied by the Junior Boys' Team, took a quick trip to Noranda. After a few quick ones, the teams staggered on the floor, but both managed to emerge victorious. The Boys' score was 26-9, the Girls' 22-20. A new and very successful strategy was employed for the first time in this game. It consisted of the boys' team raucously screaming the School song several notes flat, every time the girls got a point. This serenading was hard on the Noranda score—when the girls covered their ears in self-defense, they missed the ball.

On February 21st, the return game was played and once again our team was only one basket in the lead, when the welcome notes of the horn pervaded the gymnasium, to maintain our undefeated reputation.

On February 28th the return game with Timmins was played on the Timmins floor. At 8 o'clock, armed with telescopes and long-distance racing equipment, we trudged into the stadium. At 8.30, when we had at last reached our places on the huge floor, the game began. When the fight broke up at 9:30, K. L. had made 29 points to Timmins 14.

The victory gave K. L. eight points out of a possible eight, which according to my arithmetic is approximately 100%. This average makes us the champs of the K. L.-Timmins-Noranda tussles. News has been received (by dog team) that the Cochrane team is champion of the Cochrane-Schumacher-South Porcupine fight. Therefore, on March 7th and 14th, K. L. and Cochrane will match muscles in the last gory battle for the N.O.S.S.A. Cup. Well, here's hoping!

We gratefully add our thanks to Miss Jose, without whose able coaching, it would have been impossible to even compete, much less, win in any game.

P.S.—A Junior Girls' Basketball team has been organized, but as yet no games have been arranged. (By some trick of fate, both Girls' and Boys' Basketball teams were in Timmins for the week-end. Much to the chagrin of the other guests, both teams stayed in the Empire Hotel.)

GIRLS' SPORTS

The Field Day events, which were run off on the West grounds, started the ball rolling for this year's Girls' Sports. The program consisted of races, ball-throwing, high and broad jumping, and other items of Physical Torture. After a hectic afternoon totaling points, the winners were announced as:

Juniors (Grade 9)—Anita Grenier, Thea Vallier, Claudette Rouillard and Doreen Foran.

Intermediates (Grade 10)—Joyce Costello, Christine Vallier and Betty Murphy.

Senior (Grade 11)—Velma Cole, Anna Grenier and Jenny Hryb.

Super-Seniors (Grades 12 and 13)—See.

Due to the fact that the girls of Grades 12 and 13 are professionals in the world of sports, they did not wish to compete.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mildred Hanyk, Velma Cole, Joan Wyatt, Clarice MacDonald, Frances McGill, Gertrude Norppa, Dorothy Chisholm, Anna Grenier, Mary Stukel, Rose Markovich (Captain), Miss Jose (Coach).



SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Front Row: Dorothy Chisholm, Rose Markovich, Frances McGill, Mary Stukel (Absent).

Middle Row: Audrey Olive, Sinikka Junilla, Miss Jose (Coach), Marion Dyson, Katherine McBain.

Back Row: Julia Strutynski, Gertrude Norppa, Mildred, Hanyk, Velma Cole, Clarice MacDonald.

TUMBLING

Tumbling Class which got under way rather late this year, is under the direction of Miss Cohrs, with Audrey Olive and Sinikka Junilla as assistant directors. As yet, the school has not been honoured with a performance, but it is hoped that the acrobats will appear during the half-time at the next basketball game (Girls' Game preferably).

VOLLEYBALL

Fall Fashions in this sport seem to lean towards Winter White—The Sports Ensemble consists of—winter white fleece-lined sweat shirts, winter white drill shorts (pleated back and front), white canvas shoes and white cotton socks. A daring note of contrast is supplied by the brown ball.

On October 26, Iroquois Falls' Town Hall was the scene of a hard fought Volley-Ball Tournament in which teams from Iroquois Falls, Kirkland Lake, South Porcupine, Cochrane, and Porquis Junction, competed for the championship title.

Miss Jose chaperoned the following players who battled on behalf of K.L.C.V.I.:

Dot Chisholm	Mildred Hanyk
Frances McGill	Hilda Buchholz
Rose Markovich	Velma Cole
Clarice MacDonald	Gertrude Norppa
Audrey Olive	Sinikka Junilla
Marion Dyson	Kathy McBain

After sending out the usual sympathy cards to the families of the players on the casualty list, the points were added up and Iroquois Falls was announced 1946-47 Champs. By the way, Volley-Ball is their only winter sport which proves that practice makes perfect. The consolation prize was won by K.L.C.V.I.

BADMINTON

This year, under the able direction of Mr. Young, the girls of K.L.C.V.I. are quickly picking up the art of tossing the bird (not to be confused with slinging the bull). Approximately steen girls attend.

Dreams of a badminton tournament are being entertained by Mr. Young. If these materialize, the tournament will be held in Iroquois Falls.

SKI-MEET

We were up at the crack of dawn to get ready, for the N.O.S.S.A. ski meet. What a time! Never have we rushed so much. From the minute we left the house, the day was one mad rush. We really ran into complications. How to put twelve hot pies in a taxi, which was already filled with beans, bread, milk, ski-poles, skis, and numerous other unmentionables (passengers that is)—this was only one of the burning questions of the day.

We arrived at Culver Park only to see a mountainous ten-foot snow bank, which would have to be scaled. The trouble Hannibal had with his elephants was a mere nothing compared to the task that was ahead of us to move our provisions.

At last we were in our restaurant, if it can be called that, as it was more like an igloo in both appearance and temperature. Here we spent many hours preparing food for those ravenous (or is it ravissant) boys from the North. To boil snow is trying, especially when you remember that the boiling point of water is 212° F., but we tried to make it sound better by using the centigrade scale. The beans were the easiest to prepare as we just threw the cans in the oven and let them heat. That, of course, was fine, until a few overly-anxious cans

burst, spreading beans "this-a-way" and "that-a-way".

The coffee pot was taken over by the capable cook, Miss Stroud. The only drawback was, however, that we couldn't guarantee the water was pure H₂O, as there were so many things lost that we can never tell where they went.

The first flock of skiers herded in on us very unexpectedly and everyone was in a mad frenzy, because the coffee wasn't done, and the can opener wouldn't work. Mr. McKay had faith in these mechanical devices and proceeded to practise skilful manoeuvres on one can, while Gordon Trussler heroically stabbed open cans with a jack-knife. Mr. McKay, after a half hour's tedious work, succeeded in opening the tin, only to find the contents frozen. The lunch went over very well, believe it or not, and everyone got enough to eat.

The meet itself was a tremendous success. The outstanding factor was the sportsmanship of the competing teams. Timmins was right in there; three firsts were taken by boys on their team. Jack Gibson took the perfect score in the down-hill, while Norm Lilley walked away with a first in both the cross-country, and the slalom. Iroquois Falls had a good standing in their cross-country, but lost out somewhat in the slalom event which was evidently their weak spot. In the individual standings, Timmins held first and third honours, with an Iroquois Falls' skier in second place. Although points aren't given out for style, this is one thing spectators notice; Murray Brown's style was the most outstanding of the day. The three star selection of the day was—Norm Lilley, Timmins; Tom Hurdman, Iroquois Falls; David Rose, Timmins. Iroquois Falls was rather handicapped, as their star skier, Tommy Hurdman, was a little under the weather, having been entertained by a young "femme du monde" until four in the morning, some place up on Government Road East.

Mr. Bassett did a great job in organizing the events, making sure the events were properly handled and that no time was wasted. He also made several runs of the tracks to make sure there weren't any defects in the course.

All the laurels shouldn't go to the winners, however, for I believe Bill Ramsay deserves honourable mention for continuing in the downhill event in spite of a broken ski, which caused him many bruising falls for the sake of the Kirkland team. Praise must go to all the skiers, for how they could come hurtling over that cliff, I still can't figure out. (More flags missed, more people killed.)

Mr. Finch and Mr. Lethbridge had their boyhood dreams answered, when they were given the use of the two-way radio telephone set. What secret words were muttered over that line only a few of us know, but I can assure you it was more than "Hello, is that you Myrt?" especially when some clumsy spectator bungled the wires or in any way abused the precious apparatus.

Although Eddie Duke wasn't there to take pictures of those photogenic males, McInnes was there. Ah yes, McInnes; he was the obliging soul who offered to take any girl out in the snowbank—to show her how to take pictures. Miss Saari was the first unsuspecting victim, I believe.

The meet proved to be a great success and everyone returned safe and sound to their trains and buses. It just goes to show what Kirkland can do in such events. We could not have done it, if it hadn't been for the co-operation we received from the Students' Council, the teachers, the girls who helped in the kitchen, and the skiers themselves.

This event will set a shining example to the north of what a little work with co-operation can do in the inter-scholastic sports field.

NANCY ROUVINEN



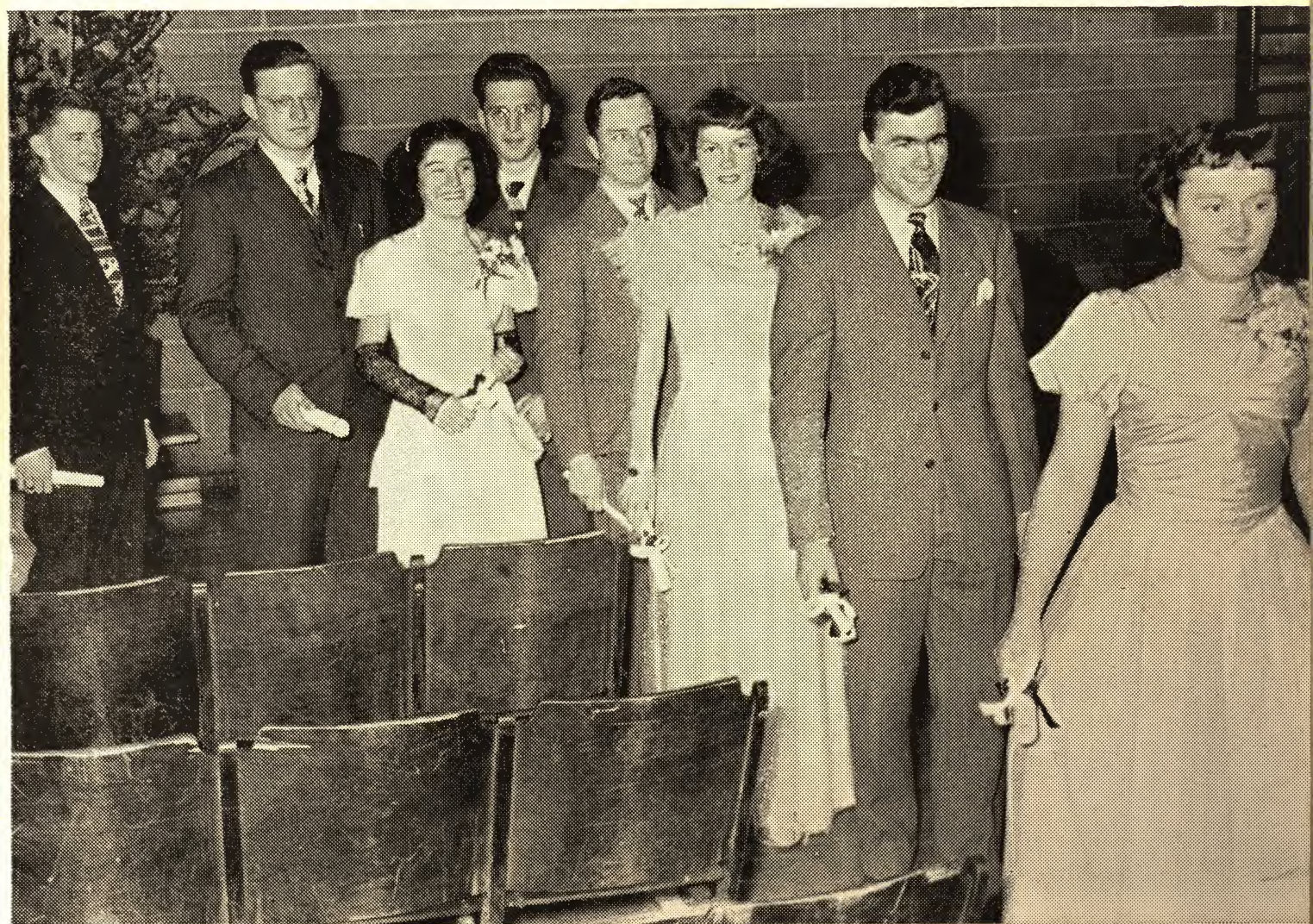
THE SCHOOL AWAKENS

The hall is dead; the doors are closed
On every room. On each floor a peep of light
Struggles with the silence and the night.
Down in the furnace room, the watchman has dozed
Off to sleep, but his watchful cat has nosed
A rat in the garbage, sets it to flight,
And crawls slowly back with no thought of fight.
Still there is no sound. All is repose.

Seven o'clock—the gloom is shattered
By huge lamps. The janitorial staff
Arrives and begins its weary chores.
Hurried teachers with their battered
Text books, file in and merrily chaff
Each other. Now the students throng through
the heavy doors.

by BILL MCCOLL, 11A

GRADUATING CLASS AND ALUMNI



GRADUATING CLASS

Edited by Irene McLellan and Bob Barker

M13AB

Name—Bettyann Archer.
 Nick Name—"B.A."
 Ambition—Mental Nurse.
 Activities—Editor of Conglomerate, Debating. Dramatics 44-46.
 Favourite Expression—"Mon Dieu."
 Pet Aversion—Latin.
 Pastime—Making bad tea.

Name—Marko Bartakovich.
 Nick Name—"Barko."
 Ambition—Finish High School.
 Activities—Giving girls a thrill.
 Favourite Expression—"There is nothing to it, when you want to do it."
 Pet Aversion—Liquor.
 Pastime—Music, Bowling.

Name—Bill Beckett.
 Nick Name—"Saber-Tooth."
 Ambition—Mechanical Engineer.
 Activities—Ski Club.
 Favourite Expression—"Hubba Hubba Dig Dig."
 Pet Aversion—Pool Sharks.
 Pastime—Skiing, Upstairs, Bowling.

Name—Roman Behersky.
 Nick Name—"Deak."
 Ambition—To travel and see the world.
 Activities—Dormant.
 Favourite Expression—"God helps those who help themselves."
 Pet Aversion—Plain Socks.
 Pastime—Collecting Stamps, Reading.

Name—Henry Buchholz.
 Nick Name—"Buck."
 Ambition—Engineering (Physics).
 Activities—Cadets.
 Favourite Expression—"Gr-r-ruff."
 Pet Aversion—Taking Orders.
 Pastime—Dancing, Boxing.

Name—Bazil Bulger.
 Nick Name—"Buzz."
 Ambition—Lawyer.
 Activities—Spending time in the study room.
 Favourite Expression—"Momma, buy me one of those."
 Pet Aversion—Molasses.
 Pastime—Photography, Piano, Bowling.

Name—Hector Cecol.
 Nick Name—"Zeke."
 Ambition—Lawyer.
 Activities—Basketball, 1944-47.
 Favourite Expression—"I couldn't help it."
 Pet Aversion—Sarcastic people.
 Pastime—Shows.

Name—Dorothy Chisholm.
 Nick Name—"Chizz."
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Activities—Basketball, 1945-46-47.
 Favourite Expression—"Don't get your feet wet."
 Pet Aversion—Hurrying.
 Pastime—Taking it easy.

Name—Peter Chmara.
 Nick Name—"Pete."
 Ambition—Engineer in Science.
 Activities—Sports Fan.
 Favourite Expression—"Yackety Yack."
 Pet Aversion—Bothersome people.
 Pastime—Skiing, Bowling.

Name—Robert Cook.
 Nick Name—"D'Army."
 Ambition—To be a good cook.
 Activities—Mucktition.
 Favourite Expression—"Did you call it?"
 Pet Aversion—Getting out of bed.
 Pastime—Pool.

Name—Norman Critchley.
 Nick Name—"Crotch."
 Ambition—Concert violinist.
 Activities—Playing Sax, Violin, Trombone, Baritone, Bass.
 Favourite Expression—"Flook."
 Pastime—Furber's Orchestra, Pool, Fishing.

Name—Lucy Cunningham.
 Nick Name—"Lucinda."
 Ambition—Kindergarten teacher.
 Activities—Badminton.
 Favourite Expression—"Oui c'est ca."
 Pastime—Getting along with Miss Cox.

Name—Betty Donlevy.
 Nick Name—"Irish."
 Ambition—To attend school for a full week.
 Activities—Debating, Conglomerate.
 Favourite Expression—"You old Scotchman."
 Pet Aversion—Coming to school daily.
 Pastime—Missing school, Hockey games.

Name—Richard Farrell.
 Nick Name—"Roscoe."
 Ambition—Engineering.
 Activities—School band, playing sax.
 Favourite Expression—"Got the makings?"
 Pet Aversion—Classical music.
 Pastime—Pool, P. Combo Orchestra.

Name—William Farrell.
 Nick Name—"Willie the Worrier."
 Ambition—To be a success . . . ?
 Activities—School Band.
 Favourite Expression—"Coff-Coff."
 Pet Aversion—Sweet Tenor Sax.
 Pastime—Kirkland Lake Gold Mine.

Name—Joyce Gardner.
 Nick Name—"Joy."
 Ambition—Missionary.
 Activities—Flirting with the Boys in Physics.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh these silly men."
 Pet Aversion—Men . . . ?
 Pastime—Photography.

Name—Christie Gillis.
 Nick Name—"Greek."
 Ambition—Diamond cutter.
 Activities—Ex-Cadet Rifle Team—Gym Team.
 Favourite Expression—"Hello Cute Eyes."
 Pet Aversion—Discussing Politics with young ladies.
 Pastime—Camera Club, Dancing.

Name—John Glover.
 Nick Name—"Bugsy."
 Ambition—Commercial Pilot.
 Activities—Ski Club 1944-45, Air Cadets 1944-47, Social Committee 1942-46.
 Favourite Expression—"God bless us and have mercy on our poor weak souls."
 Pet Aversion—Guys borrowing fags.
 Pastime—Skiing.

Name—Meyer Goldstein.
 Nick Name—"Prof."
 Ambition—Analytical Chemist.
 Activities—Photography.
 Favourite Expression—"Your face would break the camera."
 Pet Aversion—Bossy and fussy females.
 Pastime—Radio, Clubs, Bowling.

Name—Ronald Haine.
 Nick Name—"Bus."
 Ambition—Aeronautical Engineer.
 Favourite Expression—"Oui-Oui."
 Activities—Cadets, getting to school on time.
 Pet Aversion—Latin.
 Pastime—Skiing, Pool.

Name—Kjell Haraldsen.
 Nick Name—"Ken."
 Ambition—Electrical Engineering.
 Activities—Homework.
 Favourite Expression—"Rodger-Dodger."
 Pet Aversion—The type who know all the answers.
 Pastime—Dancing, Skiing, Hunting.

Name—Margaret Honer.
 Nick Name—"Marg."
 Ambition—To learn French.
 Activities—Homework.
 Favourite Expression—"I'm glad I didn't take Maths."
 Pet Aversion—Carrots.
 Pastime—Skating.

Name—Moyra Hughes.
 Nick Name—"Hughesivich."
 Ambition—Teacher.
 Activities—Badminton.
 Favourite Expression—"I always do."
 Pet Aversion—Unco-operative people.
 Pastime—Disecting frogs.

Name—Donald Hryciw.
 Nick Name—"Doc."
 Ambition—Pharmacist.
 Activities—Basketball, 1944-47.
 Favourite Expression—"Hi Doc."
 Pet Aversion—Playing at dances.
 Pastime—Sax and Faye.

Name—Pearl Kaplan.
 Nick Name—"Pearlie."
 Ambition—Learn how to cook.
 Activities—Cooking.
 Favourite Expression—"Let's go to Timmins."
 Pet Aversion—Coming to school.
 Pastime—Cooking.

Name—Marion Kelly.
 Nick Name—"Kelly."
 Ambition—Concert pianist, vocalist.
 Activities—Work . . . ?
 Favourite Expression—"Ambitious as a flea on a hunk of butter."
 Pet Aversion—People who can't take a reasonable joke.
 Pastime—Laughing.

Name—Andrew Koval.
 Nick Name—"Peter."
 Ambition—To drive bigger and better trucks.
 Activities—Basketball, 1946-47.
 Favourite Expression—"Ya! But . . ."
 Pet Aversion—Brunettes?
 Pastime—Bumming cigarettes.

Name—John Krutilla.
 Nick Name—"Johnny."
 Ambition—Doctor.
 Activities—Strolling in and out of class rooms.
 Favourite Expression—"But, Miss . . ."
 Pet Aversion—To sit thru all of botany.
 Pastime—Public speaking in classes.

Name—Frank Lillico.
 Nick Name—"Lilly."
 Ambition—Newspaper Editor.
 Activities—Social Committee, Debating, Collegiate Comments.
 Favourite Expression—"Ya! Ya!"
 Pet Aversion—Gossipy women.
 Pastime—Sailing, Skiing.

Name—Marion Loach.
 Nick Name—"Fish."
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Activities—Skiing, Skating.
 Favourite Expression—"I don't think I'll go to Algebra."
 Pet Aversion—Algebra.
 Pastime—E. R.

Name—Ronald Loach.
 Nick Name—"Loachy."
 Ambition—Pharmacy.
 Activities—W.O.II Air Cadets.
 Favourite Expression—"Care to shoot a game."
 Pet Aversion—Latin.
 Pastime—Pool.

Name—Joseph MacAskill.
 Nick Name—"Mac."
 Ambition—To please all teachers.
 Activities—Basketball, 1946-47.
 Favourite Expression—"Geez."
 Pet Aversion—Exams, Skiing.
 Pastime—Snooker, Billiards, Homework.

Name—Bob MacDonald.
 Nick Name—"Muck."
 Ambition—To understand Algebra.
 Activities—Trying to keep awake in French; Conglomerate.
 Favourite Expression—"Crapelusement."
 Pet Aversion—Hiccups.
 Pastime—Reading poetry, bowling, skiing, fishing, dancing.

Name—Clarice MacDonald.
 Nick Name—"Doodal."
 Ambition—Nursing.
 Activities—Basketball 1946-47; Volley Ball 1946-47.
 Favourite Expression—"Just ask me."
 Pet Aversion—Short men.
 Pastime—Skiing, bowling, dancing, skating.

Name—Donald MacNiven.
 Nick Name—"Rouge," "Mac."
 Ambition—To teach Algebra as well as "Chuck."
 Activities—Basketball 1943-47; Conglomerate.
 Favourite Expression—"Ole Man."
 Pet Aversion—Red Heads.
 Pastime—Reading Esquire, pool.

Name—Edward Majeau.
 Nick Name—"Eddie."
 Ambition—Medicine.
 Activities—Coming to class early.
 Favourite Expression—"Take to gas pipe."
 Pet Aversion—Some teachers.
 Pastime—Hockey, pool, dancing, bowling.

Name—Gregory Mallette.
 Nick Name—"Fuzzy."
 Ambition—Bachelor of Music.
 Activities—Missing English Lit.
 Favourite Expression—"This whole situation puts me off."
 Pet Aversion—Girls that giggle in the show.
 Pastime—Sleeping.

Name—Nick Mandryk.
 Nick Name—"Nickolae."
 Ambition—To be best mucker at Sylvanite.
 Activities—Pursuing knowledge.
 Favourite Expression—"What! Drunk with the heat."
 Pet Aversion—Arising at 7 a.m.
 Pastime—Admiring himself.

Name—Rose Markovich.
 Nick Name—"Rosie."
 Ambition—Teacher.
 Activities—Basketball 1945-47, Badminton, Capt. Volley Ball 1946, Pres. of Girls' Athletic Ass'n., Capt. Basketball 1947.
 Favourite Expression—"I always take a fit."
 Pet Aversion—People with homework done.
 Pastime—Basketball, and more basketball.

Name—William Maruska.
 Nick Name—"Goldy."
 Ambition—Astronomy.
 Activities—Grinning.
 Favourite Expression—"What are you looking for . . . Courage?"
 Pet Aversion—Staying at home.
 Pastime—Shows, dancing, pool.

Name—Frances McGill.
 Nick Name—"Fran."
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Activities—Basketball 1945-47, Volley Ball.
 Favourite Expression—"Is this Botony or Zoology?"
 Pet Aversion—Translating in Latin.
 Pastime—Sleeping, Music.

Name—Irene MacLellan.
 Nick Name—"Erine."
 Ambition—To get a B. Sc. N.
 Activities—Students' Council 1942-45, Dramatics 1945-46, Conglomerate.
 Favourite Expression—"Make like a drum and beat it."
 Pastime—Meeting boys from Noranda.

Name—Alison Mitchell.
 Nick Name—"Mitch."
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Activities—Basketball 1944-46.
 Favourite Expression—"Ever Phoney."
 Pet Aversion—Red Lake.
 Pastime—Skating, walking, two-timin'.

Name—Gerald Morgan.
 Nick Name—"Scotty."
 Ambition—Latin Teacher.
 Activities—Basketball 1944-47 (capt.) Gym Team 1944-46.
 Favourite Expression—"Son of a gun."
 Pet Aversion—Girls who drag their feet.
 Pastime—Trying to study in Board Room.

Name—Frank Oravec.
 Nick Name—"Gus."
 Ambition—Truck driver.
 Activities—Basketball 1945-47, Gym Team.
 Favourite Expression—"Japping for Aslappin," "Cinch Cash."
 Pet Aversion—Drinking out of empty bottles.
 Pastime—Billiards, bunny blasting, boxing.

Name—Frank Petkovich.
 Nick Name—"Pancho."
 Ambition—Linguist.
 Activities—Learning.
 Favourite Expression—"All that glitters is not gold."
 Pet Aversion—Girls . . . ?
 Pastime—Pool, sleeping.

Name—Ivan Petkovich.
 Nick Name—"Petky."
 Ambition—To succeed in his present job.
 Activities—Sleeping in classes.
 Favourite Expression—"But Nyuff Course."
 Pet Aversion—Cigarette moochers.
 Pastime—Shooting pool.

Name—Herbert Petrin.
 Nick Name—"Foo."
 Ambition—Engineer.
 Activities—Combing his hair.
 Favourite Expression—"Where's Excalibur?"
 Pet Aversion—Getting a haircut.
 Pastime—Teaching Trig.

Name—Kathleen Pollock.
 Nick Name—"Kathy."
 Ambition—Medicine.
 Activities—Social Committee, Badminton, Tumbling.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh! Gwan."
 Pet Aversion—Work.
 Pastime—Collecting Records, Dancing, Skating, Swimming, Canoeing.

Name—Nora Pollock.
 Nick Name—"Margo."
 Ambition—Physical Training Instructress.
 Activities—Ski Club, Vice-Pres. of Promotion of School Spirit.
 Favourite Expression—"It was humorous."
 Pet Aversion—Doing nothing.
 Pastime—Tennis, Canoeing, Skiing Swimming.

Name—Geraldine Quantz.
 Nick Name—"Gerry."
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Activities—Badminton.
 Favourite Expression—"Gosh!"
 Pet Aversion—40 minute lunch periods.
 Pastime—Music.

Name—Sorjo Ranta.
 Nick Name—"Sarge."
 Ambition—Aeronautical Engineering.
 Activities—Eight periods of 40 minutes each day.
 Favourite Expression—Homework.
 Pastime—Model Aircraft Building, Pipe Band.

Name—Jean Reed.
 Nick Name—"Jeannie."
 Activities—Throwing paper aeroplanes.
 Favourite Expression—"Do I have to translate to-day, Mr. Bolger?"
 Pet Aversion—Quiet people.
 Pastime—Making a racket in class.

Name—Robert Reed.
 Nick Name—"Bob."
 Ambition—To attend Queen's next year.
 Activities—Gym team 1941.
 Favourite Expression—"I don't say anything."
 Pet Aversion—Talking.
 Pastime—Algebra problems.

Name—Ann Robson.
 Nick Name—Just plain Ann.
 Ambition—Teach English.
 Activities—Debating, Dramatics 1945.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh, I don't know."
 Pet Aversion—Eight o'clock classes.
 Pastime—Waste time.

Name—Olga Roman.
 Nick Name—"Lang."
 Ambition—Optometry, to learn Algebra.
 Activities—Badminton, doing Algebra.
 Favourite Expression—"Crap."
 Pet Aversion—Rising before 12; getting to school before first bell; Algebra.
 Pastime—Learning Algebra; running up and down the halls; looking for a fountain that works.

Name—Edward Sarabura.
 Nick Name—"Bura."
 Ambition—To be a baby specialist.
 Activities—Basketball 1944-47, debating, badminton, Student's Council.
 Favourite Expression—"Have you got your activity card yet?"
 Pet Aversion—Characters with childish, and smart alec complex.
 Pastime—Pool, Badminton, Reading.

Name—Edith Scott.
 Ambition—Choir leader, and organist.
 Activities—School choir.
 Favourite Expression—"B.A. clean that locker."
 Nick Name—"Scotty."
 Pet Aversion—Walking home alone after choir.
 Pastime—Piano, organ, singing, B. B.

Name—Charlotte Sintick.
 Nick Name—"Poodles."
 Ambition—Radio actress.
 Activities—Badminton.
 Favourite Expression—"Consider yourself ignored."
 Pet Aversion—Radio commercials, alarm clocks.
 Pastime—Art, commuting between K.L. and Toronto.

Name—Stanley Sitarz.
 Nick Name—"Tarts."
 Ambition—Architect.
 Activities—Playing Badminton in Trig.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh! Sugar."
 Pet Aversion—Doing homework at nights.
 Pastime—Playing trumpet.

Name—Arthur Smith.
 Nick Name—"Art."
 Ambition—Physicist.
 Activities—Giggling in Spanish.
 Favourite Expression—"Do you want to borrow my homework?"
 Pet Aversion—Loud socks.
 Pastime—Models.

Name—Walter Stalmack.
 Nick Name—"Dreamer."
 Ambition—Medicine.
 Activities—Ex-rugby team, gym team, cadets, Sr. basketball, Gas Jet.
 Favourite Expression—"Don't fight Mabel, it is stronger than both of us."
 Pet Aversion—Abstainers.
 Pastime—Major operations.

Name—John Stewart.
 Nick Name—"Stew."
 Ambition—Medicine.
 Activities—Dodging Joe.
 Favourite Expression—"Another round, Mac." "Next year."
 Pet Aversion—Teetotlers.
 Pastime—Chasing bunnies, trapping beavers.

Name—Frank Tagliamonte.
 Nick Name—"Tag."
 Ambition—Engineer.
 Activities—Air Cadets.
 Favourite Expression—"Good show."
 Pet Aversion—Explosives.
 Pastime—Experimenting (Chem.), driving.

Name—Norman Teague.
 Nick Name—"Tiny."
 Ambition—Forestry.
 Activities—Trying to learn history.
 Favourite Expression—"No homework tonight, eh?"
 Pet Aversion—English.
 Pastime—Skiing, hockey.

Name—Denise Tremblay.
 Nick Name—"Denny".
 Ambition—Nursing.
 Activities—Correcting French compositions.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh how I'd like to be short"
 Pet Aversion—Short Men.
 Pastime—Walking with bricks on her head.

Name—Lois Tuck.
 Nick Name—"Lo-ass".
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Activities—Skiing, Basketball, Conglomerate 1946-7.
 Favourite Expression—"Holy Murphy".
 Pet Aversion—People who can't call her by her right name.
 Pastime—Storekeeper, knitting diamond socks.

Name—Douglas Valentine.
 Nick Name—"Sax-appeal".
 Ambition—Teaching Physics, Maths. and P.T.
 Activities—Physics, Maths. and P.T.
 Favourite Expression—"Bulch."
 Pet Aversion—P.T. teachers (female).
 Pastime—Blowing sax, clarinet and balloons.

Name—Joseph Verbanek.
 Nick Name—"Joe."
 Ambition—To speak louder in class.
 Activities—Fighting with Glover in Trig.
 Favourite Expression—"But I was here last week."
 Pet Aversion—School.
 Pastime—Baseball, pool.

Name—John Walsworth.
 Nick Name—"The Jaw."
 Ambition—Electrical Engineering.
 Activities—Air Cadets, Social Committee, Key Club.
 Favourite Expression—"Doodle Bottom."
 Pet Aversion—Abusive language of teachers.
 Pastime—Dancing, skating, skiing.

Name—Shirley Wigmore.
 Nick Name—Just plain Shirley.
 Ambition—To be a librarian.
 Activities—Badminton.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh brother."
 Pet Aversion—Crowd at noon going the opposite way.
 Pastime—Piano, collecting stamps.

Name—Vernon Wiles.
 Nick Name—"Sparky."
 Ambition—To obtain his B.A.
 Activities—Social committee 1941-6, Ski Club 1944-5.
 Favourite Expression—"Oh! Crack."
 Pet Aversion—Women . . . ?
 Pastime—Hockey.

Name—Joan Wyatt.
 Nick Name—"Oscil."
 Ambition—Teacher of boys.
 Activities—Basketball 1945-47, Conglomerate.
 Favourite Expression—"K-b-b-b"
 Pet Aversion—High heels, short men.
 Pastime—Telling jokes in Physics.

by DAVE McDUGAL and BOB MacDONALD

12-C

Name—Vivian Johnson.
 Nick Name—Johnny.
 Activities—Skiing and Dancing.
 Ambition—Receptionist.
 Pastime—Going to the movies.

Name—Inge Swan.
 Nick Name—Ingrid.
 Activities—Horse-back Riding.
 Ambition—Cowgirl.
 Pastime—Ranching.

Name—Rita Longo.
 Nick Name—Long-o.
 Activities—Basketball, dancing.
 Ambition—To work in a local mine office.
 Pastime—Hockey.

Name—George S. Bural.
 Nick Name—"Curly."
 Activities—Admirer of popular music.
 Ambition—To succeed in the Commercial Field.
 Pastime—Movies, Pool-room, Skiing.

Name—Alma Timmerman.
 Nick Name—Tink.
 Activities—Skiing, Dancing.
 Ambition—Leave K.L.C.V.I. in five years.
 Pastime—Chewing (gum).

Name—Joan Sims.
 Nick Name—Topsy.
 Activities—Dancing.
 Ambition—Leave K.L.C.V.I. in one piece.
 Pastime—Drinking (cokes).

Name—June Cooke.
 Nick Name—Cookie, Red.
 Activities—Dancing, Skiing.
 Ambition—One day to become a Dental Nurse.
 Pastime—Man-hunting for a blond.

Name—Marko Duralia.
 Nick Name—"Sparkie."
 Activities—Playing a guitar with an orchestra.
 Ambition—To become a business man.
 Pastime—Bowling, Drawing.

Name—Enid Harrop.
 Nick Name—Indian.
 Activities—Soft-ball, Skating, Horse-back Riding, Basketball.
 Ambition—To become a good catcher in soft-ball.
 Pastime—Taking Pictures.

Name—Joe Kadish.
 Nick Name—"Fats."
 Activities—All kinds of sports, such as hockey and bowling.
 Ambition—To become a "Flat-foot."
 Pastime—Going to movies, listening to jive and opera.

Name—Margaret Topercer.
 Nick Name—"Red."
 Activities—Basketball, Baseball, Skating, Swimming.
 Ambition—Secretary.
 Pastime—Reading, and Sewing.

Name—Mary Daugherty.
 Nick Name—Just plain Mary.
 Activities—Hiking, Dancing.
 Ambition—Secretary.
 Pastime—Eating, Reading.

Name—Pearl Berjansky.
 Nick Name—Blondie.
 Activities—Bowling, Basketball.
 Ambition—Model.
 Pastime—Chewing gum.

Name—Chessie Wilkolaski.
 Nick Name—Muscles.
 Activities—Special exercises in P. T. for muscles.
 Ambition—Stenographer.
 Pastime—Reading, listening to the radio, acting in plays.

Name—Joanna Rosicki.
 Nick Name—Jo, Junia.
 Activities—Skiing, Bowling, Movies, Skating.
 Ambition—To become a nurse.
 Pastime—Reading, Dancing, Music.

Name—Jenny Sandaluck.
 Nick Name—"Sandy."
 Activities—Basketball, Skiing.
 Ambition—Secretary.
 Pastime—Movies.

Name—Marjorie Brough.
 Nick Name—"Ush."
 Activities—Skiing.
 Ambition—Private Secretary.
 Pastime—Reading, Movies.

Name—Marion Saivo.
 Nick Name—"Stinky."
 Activities—Skating, Bowling, Movies.
 Ambition—To work in an office.
 Pastime—Dancing, Embroidery.

Name—Stephania Bendyna.
 Nick Name—Stella.
 Activities—Riding, Knitting, Sewing.
 Ambition—Stenographer.
 Pastime—Studying.

Name—Betty McCallum.
 Nick Name—Mac.
 Activities—Bowling, Movies.
 Ambition—Travelling job.
 Pastime—Dancing.

Name—Therese Mallette.
 Nick Name—Chip.
 Activities—Skating, Dancing.
 Ambition—To be a nurse.
 Pastime—Movies, attending games.

Name—Elsie Swan.
 Nick Name—Sunshine.
 Activities—Going to shows, skiing, and basketball.
 Ambition—Photographer.
 Pastime—Day-dreaming.

Name—Vieno Mommo.
 Nick Name—Minky.
 Activities—Skating, dancing.
 Ambition—To be a stenographer.
 Pastime—Movies.

Name—Barbara Sestrich.
 Nick Name—Babs.
 Activities—Swimming.
 Ambition—To travel.
 Pastime—Drawing.

Name—Frances Niebudek.
 Nick Name—"Never-Neck."
 Activities—Swimming, skiing, travelling.
 Ambition—To be a nurse.
 Pastime—Doodling, dancing.

Name—Aune Raty.
 Nick Name—Snowball.
 Activities—Bowling, skiing, swimming.
 Ambition—To go back to Winnipeg.
 Pastime—Dancing, movies, knitting.

Name—Mary King.
 Nick Name—Muscles, Shorty.
 Activities—Basketball, skating.
 Ambition—Stenographer.
 Pastime—Dancing, Gossiping.

Name—Orena Faulkner.
 Nick Name—Sunshine.
 Activities—Dancing.
 Ambition—Secretary.
 Pastime—Movies, Sewing.

Name—Stella Kaminski.
 Nick Name—"Stosh."
 Activities—Swimming, bowling, basketball, cycling, softball.
 Ambition—Private Secretary.
 Pastime—Dancing, Reading, Sewing.

by FRANCES NIEBUDEK

TECHNICAL 12VT-KL

Name—Robert Barker.
Ambition—Mechanical Engineer.
Activities (School)—Ski Club, Student's Council,
1944-5-6-7.

Favourite Saying—"Scotty, No sir."
Pet Aversion—Motor Mechanics.
Pastime—Skiing, Mining Claims, E. S.
Nick Name—"Rod, Robin."

Name—Joe Berkopec.
Ambition—Architect.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey.
Favourite Saying—"Go on home ya dumb mechanic!"
Pet Aversion—Health, English.
Pastime—Women, Eating.
Nick Name—Joe, "Tubby," Joseph.

Name—John Budnic.
Ambition—Pool Shark.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey.
Favourite Saying—"Three cushions in the side."
Pet Aversion—School.
Pastime—Lothian's, Pool.
Nick Name—Little Nodnic.

Name—Broncho Grubisich.
Ambition—Cabinet Maker.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey, Basketball.
Favourite Saying—A low whistle.
Pastime—Swimming, Hockey, Pool, and Ann.
Nick Name—"Ace Bronko."

Name—Sidney Hamden.
Ambition—Electrician, Radioman.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey, Basketball.
Favourite Saying—"Yes Sir!"
Pet Aversion—Homework.
Pastime—Skating, Skiing, Radio, Cribbage, Shows.
Nick Name—Skid, Blondy.

Name—Gerald Harvey.
Ambition—Electrical Engineer.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey, Basketball.
Favourite Saying—"Yes Mr. Finch."
Pet Aversion—Tuesday, and Thursday afternoons.
Pastime—Sports.
Nick Name—"Yorlik."

Name—Hugo Hemmila.
Ambition—Radio Technician.
Activities (School)—None.
Favourite Saying—"Damt!"
Pet Aversion—Tall women, filling out this form.
Pastime—Radio, Skiing.
Nick Name—"Big Stoop."

Name—Lorn Kingyens.
Ambition—Surveyor.
Activities (School)—Pool, Study.
Favourite Saying—"Yes Sir!"
Pet Aversion—Home work, other women.
Pastime—Mary.
Nick Name—"Weak Eyes."

Name—Richard MacArthur.
Ambition—Royal Canadian Mounted Police.
Activities (School)—Women.
Favourite Saying—"You dumb Potato."
Pet Aversion—Health.
Pastime—Wine, Women, and Song.
Nick Name—"Dick."

Name—Donald MacFarlane.
Ambition—Mountie, R.C.M.P.
Activities (School)—Basketball.
Favourite Saying—"I don't know Sir!"
Pet Aversion—Stumps.
Pastime—Smoking.
Nick Name—"Mac."

Name—James Mah.
Ambition—Mechanical Engineer.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey.
Favourite Saying—"My name's not Joe!"
Pet Aversion—Women.
Pastime—Cribbage.
Nick Name—"Joe."

Name—Peter Mandrow.
Ambition—Leading designer.
Activities (School)—Hockey, Softball, Baseball.
Favourite Saying—"Babe," "How you are?"
Pet Aversion—Drinking, Smoking.
Pastime—Molly Wilks.
Nick Name—"Duke, Hunky, Shultz."

Name—Edward Marining.
Ambition—To become an Architect.
Activities (School)—Sr. Basketball, Sr. Softball, Jr.
Hockey, Jr. Baseball.
Favourite Saying—"How you are?" "Dirty Rat."
Pet Aversion—Surveying.
Pastime—"Women."
Nick Name—"Dago, Wop."

Name—Alexander Mazurenko.
Ambition—Draftsman or Farmer.
Activities (School)—Just a poor student.
Favourite Saying—"Krasny Booblichky." (In Russian: "Nice Biscuit.")
Pet Aversion—Riding on School Busses.
Pastime—Girls, and Reading and Cooking (Some-time).
Nick Name—"Muzzy."

Name—Douglas Moore.
Ambition—Surveyor.
Activities (School)—Ski Club.
Favourite Saying—"Spot me 40."
Pet Aversion—English, Maths., Health and Sonya.
Pastime—Skiing, Pool, V. M.
Nick Name—"Doug."

Name—Louie Shaheen.
Ambition—Motor Winder.
Activities (School)—Floor Hockey.
Favourite Saying—"Not bad—Hubba, Hubba."
Pet Aversion—Piling Lumber.
Pastime—Business Manager of Shaheen's Grocery Store.
Nick Name—L. S. M. F. T.

Name—Alden Sherwood.
Ambition—Travelling Salesman.
Activities (School)—Students Council, Curling.
Favourite Saying—"It is better to be broke, than never to have loved at all."
Pet Aversion—Work.
Pastime—Poker, Blondes, and Brunettes.
Nick Name—"Shorty."

Name—Herb Shorter.
Ambition—Tool Maker.
Activities (School)—Walking Halls.
Favourite Saying—Stump Farmer.
Pet Aversion—School Busses.
Pastime—"Dot."
Nick Name—"Shot."

Name—Clive Southall.
Ambition—Own a Pool Room.
Activities (School)—Sr. Basketball.
Favourite Saying—"Hey Wop."
Pet Aversion—School.
Pastime—Women, Pool, attempting to dance.
Nick Name—"Star."

Name—Ray Webster.
Ambition—Surveyor.
Activities (School)—Drafting.
Favourite Saying—"No."
Pet Aversion—Drinking, Smoking.
Pastime—Hockey, Ball, B. D.
Nick Name—"Beak, Hawkeye."

by BOB BARKER

"C" SPECIAL

Name—Ethel Boyle.
Nick Name—"Ellie."
Weakness—Jack W.
Ambition—To be a full-fledged stenographer.
Probable Destiny—School marm.
Favourite Saying—"Holy cow."

Name—Joan Casey.
Nick Name—"Cobalt Casey."
Weakness—Going to Rapid Calculation.
Ambition—To be a Rapid Cal. teacher.
Probable Destiny—Teaching Kindergarten.
Favourite Saying—"I always do that."

Name—Eleanor Davison.
Nick Name—"Davie."
Weakness—Lack of tact.
Ambition—To travel abroad.
Probable Destiny—Staying in Ontario.
Favourite Saying—"No."

Name—John Danis.
Nick Name—"Bateese."
Weakness—Simone of Kap.
Ambition—To find a golden egg.
Probable Destiny—Office boy.
Favourite Saying—"I don't know."

Name—John Edward Francis Huff.
Nick Name—"Johnny."
Weakness—Music.
Ambition—Another Bing Sinatra.
Probable Destiny—Mucker at Kirkland Lake Gold Mine.
Favourite Saying—"Oh peanuts."

Name—Donald Hughes.
Nick Name—"Fozzie."
Weakness—Skiing.
Ambition—Another Charles Atlas.
Probable Destiny—Colonel Stoopnagle.
Favourite Saying—"My bye."

Name—Anne Kott.
Nick Name—"Kitty."
Weakness—Certain persons of the "Opposite Sex."
Ambition—To become the first female Manager of the Spruce Falls Paper & Power Co.
Probable Destiny—Marrying a Plumber.
Favourite Saying—"Oh you lover you."

Name—Beulah Latimer.
Nick Name—"Boola."
Weakness—The boys of "V" Town.
Ambition—Keeping books in the Hospital Office.
Probable Destiny—Scrubbing floors in the Hospital.
Favourite Saying—"Are you kidding?"

Name—Gordon Linton.
Nick Name—"Gordy."
Weakness—Not going out with girls.
Ambition—Government Accountant.
Probable Destiny—Bookkeeper.
Favourite Saying—"Love and Let Love."

Name—Kathleen Little.
Nick Name—"Kay."
Weakness—Bill.
Ambition—To marry a sugar daddy.
Probable Destiny—Marry a hobo.
Favourite Saying—"Good gravy."

Name—Gerard MacDonald.
Nick Name—"Sonny."
Weakness—B. C.
Ambition—Postmaster in England.
Probable Destiny—Janitor at Kirkland Lake Post Office.
Favourite Saying—"I'm easy."

Name—Georgia MacMillan.
Nick Name—"Mac."
Weakness—Bill.
Ambition—To get back into the Navy.
Probable Destiny—Swabbing decks on the H.M.S. "Puncher."
Favourite Saying—"Who's got a match?"

Name—Odne Potter.
Nick Name—"Snowball."
Weakness—"Foo."
Ambition—To be an old maid.
Probable Destiny—Getting married.
Favourite Saying—"Smoly Hoses."

Name—Pierette Nadeau.
Nick Name—"Peter."
Weakness—Opposite sex.
Ambition—Piano player.
Probable Destiny—Housewife.
Favourite Saying—"Holy Catfish!"

Name—June Nord.
Nick Name—"Junie."
Weakness—Tall Men.
Ambition—To write a book.
Probable Destiny—Sesekinika Lake.
Favourite Saying—"Buzz off!"

Name—Annie Priatka.
Nick Name—"Amber."
Weakness—A certain man!!!
Ambition—To become an owner of a theatre.
Probable Destiny—Usherette.
Favourite Saying—"Are you ever awful!"

Name—William Prosser.
Nick Name—"Willie."
Weakness—Money.
Ambition—Traveller.
Probable Destiny—Grease Monkey.
Favourite Saying—"Jumpin' Jehesus."

Name—Mary Stukel.
Nick Name—"Stukie."
Weakness—Bourlamaque (Matt.).
Ambition—To get a man.
Probable Destiny—Old Maid.
Activities—Basketball—1946-47.
Favourite Saying—"Lord! Love a duck!"

Name—Thomas Quinn.
Nick Name—"Bud."
Weakness—Women.
Ambition—Music (Solid Jazz).
Probable Destiny—Bachelor.
Favourite Saying—"Hiya Kid!!"

by MARY STUKEL

The staff and students of K.L.C.V.I. regret the passing of Donald Darling, a member of 9C, who died on December 10, 1946.

ALUMNI: Edited by Lois Tuck

In the past few years an ever increasing stream of scholars has passed through the halls of K.L.C.V.I. The home of "Wisdom, Integrity, and Skill" has now reached its capacity, in fact, it's overflowing, and will be until sometime in the near future when the new wing can be added.

This stream is always emptying into the ocean of the world where you are quickly caught up in the whirlpool of living, losing contact with all but a very few, until perhaps in some later time you are carried by the tide of life to some strange distant shore where even a slight acquaintance from home becomes a friend to share memories of the good old days back home.

This was especially true in those dark war years when so many left their books to enter the services. So that now when trying to find where everyone is,

that is, those who have left in the last five or six years, we have stirred up many a memory and more than a few, "I wonder if she has changed any?" or perhaps it's, "I would give anything to see what he's like now!"

No, you aren't forgotten when you leave, you who have been gone now for some time; there is always something left behind to be remembered, and I feel sure you, too, often think back on the amusing incidents, the sad moments, the hustle and bustle of activities, and last but not by any means the least, the endless hours of homework, studies and exams.

I hope that when you look back over these lists of fellow Grads, you have many happy thoughts of the good old days back at K.L.C.V.I.

LOIS TUCK

1939-1940 GRADS

MARRIED:

May Hamilton, Marion Laut, Eva McLeod, Elizabeth Newton, Marie O'Halloran, Beatrice Cote, Barbara Doxsee, Emily Mattull, Betty Wiber, Aileen George, Jean Walker, Winnifred Wayland, Winnifred Cullis, Sybil Devenny, Evelyn McFarlane, Lois McLeod.

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Annie Allick, Laurelle Boucher, Margaret Holland, Mary MacDougall, Alice McLeod, Mary Haviland, Bob Richards, Dorothy Tipper, Marcell Boucher, Gordon Duffy, Herman Freitag, Mansell Goodman, Archie Hamilton, Gordon McLeod, Clifford Whitely, Lyle Wilder, Mae George, Audrey Graham, Laura Begley, Lloyd Rathwell, Victor Wickstead.

CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

William Haviland (Post Grad.), Fred McNaughton (Queen's), Basil Kearney (Queen's), Larry Lillico (Osgoode Hall), Raymond Neale, Norman Paget, Robert Baldwin (all at U. of T.), Gordon Bleasdel (? ? ? ?), Joseph Ansara (U. of T.), Laurine Trussler (Macdonald College).

OTHERS:

Betty Danard (Physio-Therapist), Roy Harri-man (R.C.M.P.), Seiger Weiss (married, Toronto), Priscilla Kavanaugh (Nurse), Shirley Field, Dorothy Leslie, Helen Mavrinac, Mae Milford, Jean St. Paul, Bernice Wyles, Olaf Carlson, Kathleen Death, John Dixon, Alice Jeffrey, Lawrence O'Shaughnessy (Quebec), Nelson Blanchfield, Hugh Boyle, Arthur Brown, Harold Campbell, Bert Dans, Theodore Elliott, Harold Greenall, John Hamilton, Norman Hoebel, Melville Hodgins, Stanley Hodgins, Lyall Jack, Melvin James, Reg. Kavanaugh (B.C.), Roger Lalonde, Lorenzo Lapenskie, Joseph Legault, Urbano Marining, Henri Narbonne, Charles Petrevan, George Robert, Roger St. Louis, Reg. Thomas, Nick Vrechuck, Kenneth Wallace, William Boyd, Wesley Brander (Both Doctors, both married).

KILLED IN ACTION:

Jack Wright, Clayton MacAskill, Roy Strickland.

1940-1941 GRADS

MARRIED:

Luella Culhane, Dorothy Smith, Dorothy Miller, Hilda Potter, Doris Scammel, Mary Teague, Jean Armstrong, Cecelia Gavan, Evelyn Valley, Shirley O'Brien (Australia), Annette Portnay, Irene Hurst.

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Joan Edgar, Clyde Ferguson (married), Ina Haviland, Lila MacDougall, Elizabeth McLellan, Mary Quilty, Bill Roman, Ruby Scheuneman, Rose Turina, Phyllis Turner, Dorothy MacDonald, Ida MacKinnon, Marion Overton, Chrissie Smith, Alton Piche (married), Eunice Connolly, Charles Kuchan,

Ted Chliszczyk, Victor Irvine, John MacPhail, Bill Hamilton.

CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

Lawrence Kussner (Ottawa U.), Doug Wild (Queen's), Mary Knapp (U. of T.).

OTHERS:

Margaret Boychoff, Mona Hirst, Ina Liddell (Nurse), Lillian MacDougall (Teaching, Iroquois Falls), Gloria Merner and Katrine Sullivan (In Bermuda, Nursing), Rae Rabinovitch (Teaching), June Tucker, Lorraine Trim, Wanda Woke (Radio, Sudbury), Rena Boone, Mary Kristoff (Ottawa), Mary Wickham (Civil Service), Helen Wineck, Beverly Berry (Whitby), Beverly Biggs (R.C.N.), Angelo Cadorin, Milton Doyle, Oliver Ford, Mitchell Kaminski, James Kerr, John Matijek, Roderick Morrison, Stanley North, Arvo Pilbacka, Howard Rodgers (Toronto), Mary Komaike (Teaching).

DECEASED:

Stanley Thrasher (Killed in Action), Peter Towtruisky.

1941-1942 GRADS

MARRIED:

Jenny Shaheen, Sylvia Duke, Chickie Kerman, Helen Somerville, Beryl Brisco, Mary Tkock, Jessie Cameron.

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Helen Alexander, Shirley Keizer, Mary Ramsay, Evelyn Strickland, Kristina Zagar, Victor Finkleman, Dominic Vertolli, Juliet Strange, Iris McInnis, Mary Tivilick, Ilmi Vaara, Edward Marinigh, Helen Millard, Bill Miller.

CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

George Doner (Law), Dermot Moleski (U. of T.).

OTHERS:

Eleanor Lind (Toronto), Felix Mavrinac, Joe Kezel, Elizabeth McDonnell, Elvis Mallon, Muriel Rodgers.

NOTE:—This list is incomplete.

1942-1943 GRADS

MARRIED:

Barbara Black, Audrey McArthur, Lois Thrasher, Nina Soloway, Shirley Sutherland, Dushanka Hertsch, Agnes Greutz.

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Eli Ansara, Dorothy Ewing, Anne Gibson, Trian Gorda, Loretta O'Shaughnessy, Joyce Belmore, Sidney Callin, Gloria Davis, Marjorie Hyckie, Joan Larkin, Gertrude LeClair, Edna MacDougall, Alfred Martell, Bob Pollock, Norma Scott, Helen Sappala, Jim Shaheen, Bob Symington, Frances Markovitch, Inez Quilty, Elsie Sokolowski, Neva Strickland, Margaret Wright, Jacqueline Trudeau.

CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

Bruce Black, Pat Hamilton, Stephen Golesich,

Mary Bogdanich, Robert Connors, Morris Hastie (All at Queen's), Lorne Van Orman (U. of T.), Raymond Mallette (Western), Bob Price (Ottawa U.), Robert Reed (Re-Hab., K.L.C.V.I.), Blanche Cunningham, Betty Harding (Both at Sick Children's, Nurses' Training), Jean Whitman and Norma Crockford (Kingston, Nurses Training), Joy Neale (Hamilton, Nurses Training), Bill Kusturin (North Bay Normal), Kay Barker (Shaw's Business College).
OTHERS:

Elizabeth Bognar (Toronto), Effie Heggie (Civil Service, Ottawa), Gladys Solomon, Mary Adamson (Teaching), Mary Chomyshyn, Lotus Rodgins, Velma Hodgins (Mic Mac), Lorraine Horlock (Timmins), Minerva Jaku, Harold Mallette (Montreal) Gladys Mallon, Helen Salo (Larder), William Van Rassel (North Bay), Verna Abrams (Westport), Edith Siewert (Timmins).

1943-1944 GRADS

MARRIED:

Susie Kristoff, Veronica Tkoch, Mary Kusick.

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Shirley Prangley, Iris Sims, Ruth Cameron, George Cannon (married), Theresa Connolly, Betty Hampson, Anne Mae Heron, Eeve King, Helen Kosy, Clare Leahy, Sydney Levine, Courtney McPhee, Betty Martell, Doris Milk, Joan Parker, Dorene Porter, June Pyper, Mayva Sackrider, Viola Stoughton, Ronald Waldron, Anne Jellop, Elsie Tomlinson.
CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

Bruce Cameron, Betty Hill, Walter Kozak, Desmond Moleski, Anne Neelands, Geraldine O'Meara (all at U. of T.), Mary Dogget (London), Wayne Doxsee (Osgoode Hall), William Peria (Queen's), Clarence Prosser, Janet Morin (Ottawa U.), Mabel Mortson (Univ.), Elizabeth Oravec (Shaw's, Toronto), Kjell Haraldson and Ray Webster (Re-Hab., K.L.C.V.I.), Frances Longmore, Caroline Kezele, Edith Reese, Loretta Groulx (all in Toronto, Nurses Training), Nancy Whitman (Kingston, Nurses Training), Helen Wupori (Peterborough, Nurses Training).
OTHERS:

Walter Yawney, Ray Waller (U.S.A.), Pearl Thomas, Karl Syypus, Mollie Southall (Ottawa), Audrey Roy (New York), Ewen Pirie, Jerry Michelutte, Michael Martyn (Hamilton), Aldo Marinigh, Gwen James (Civil Service), Robert Hoglund, Rodney Prophet (Englehart), Thomas Vickerman, Gordon Carlson, Joe Dologh (Teaching), Sally Harris, William Heggie (R.C.N.).

1944-1945 GRADS

BACK AT K.L.C.V.I.:

Bettyann Archer, William Beckett, Hector Cecol, Betty Donlevy, Christie Gillis, John Glover, Don Hryciw, Donald MacNiven, Ivan Petkovitch, Herbert Petrin, Nora Pollock, James Reed, Lois Tuck, Jack Walsworth, Vernon Wiles, David MacDougall, Walter Stalmack.

MARRIED:

Theresa Simms, Joyce Roberts, Lucille Wright, Florence Lee (San Francisco).

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Eva Haviland, Dorothy MacLellan, Boris Nickloff, Abe Aidelbaum, Vera Barber, Gladys Bell, Irene Birnie, Eva Brady, Joseph Buchar, Anna Mary Cannon, Yvette Chenier, John Ciesielski, Maizie Connington, Arolene Cuddy, Hermance Cuillerier, Dominic D'Andrea, Allan Dinnen, Allen Ferguson, Dorothy Fleece Challys Ganton, Edward Harrot, Nellie Joki, Anne Kapral, Viola Keizer, Mae Kosmack, Vera Leavoy, Roman Litwin, Betty McGill, Fred Madden, Ruby Milbury, Dorothy Minnear, Ann Novosel, William Owen, George Potter, Doreen Rhodes, Robert Ridley, Cecile St. Cyr, Helen Sarceovich, Pearl Shaheen, Helen Strutynski, Michael Susla, Ivan Teeple, Chester Termina, Mary Towtruisky, Shirley Tripp, Donald Waldron, Robert Walsworth,

Dan Wilkes, Leonard Teague, Clifford MacFarlane.
CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

Eileen Anderson (Normal), Bill Cook (Univ.), Jack Henry (U. of T.), Muriel James (Kingston, Nurses Training), Norman Kussner (Univ.), David Levine (Univ.), Robert McLellan (McGill), Ernest Mason (Univ.), Thora Neil (Normal), Klotild Oravec (North Bay Normal), Isabel Overton (U. of T.), Martin Jeffery (Seminary, B.C.), Barbara Nokes (St. Joseph's, Toronto), Eileen Rathwell (Renfrew, Nurses Training), Norma Sutherland (Macdonald College, Guelph), Alan Trussler (Queen's).

OTHERS:

Victor Brown (Larder), Anne Marie Buckholz (Toronto), Roger Belanger, Betty Jarvis (England), Fred Kozlo (Toronto), Anne McPhee (Civil Service), Whitford Piche, Dan Ziraldo (Toronto).

1945-1946 GRADS

BACK AT K.L.C.V.I.:

Andy Koval, Ronald Loach, Edward Sarabura, Douglas Valentine, Roman Behersky, Henry Buckholz, Bob Cook, Norman Critchley, Lucy Cunningham, Richard Farrell, William Farrell, Ronald Haine, Margaret Honer, Moyra Hughes, Beulah Latimer, Clifford Linton, Marion Loach, Joe MacAskill, Frances MacDonald, Robert MacDonald, Frances McGill, Irene McLellan, Gregory Mallette, Peter Mandrow, Nicholas Mandryk, Rose Markovich, Annette Miner, Alison Mitchell, Frank Oravec, Frank Petkovich, Kathleen Pollock, William Prosser, Geraldine Quantz, Sorjo Ranta, Jean Reed, Ann Robson, Olga Roman, Stanley Sitarz, John Stewart, Denise Tremblay, Shirley Wigmore, Aaki Wuori, William Berdej, Arthur Smith.

CONTINUING STUDIES ELSEWHERE:

Doris Berrigan, Nora Neelands (Both at U. of T.), Doris Boyd and Barbara Freeson (Both at Sick Children's, Nurses Training), Rita Finkleman (Toronto Normal), Isobel Davis, Inez MacDougall, Joyce Porter, Frank Markovich, Shirley Wright (All at North Bay Normal), Aldo Missio (Queen's), Shirley Paul (Nurses Training, Toronto General), Mary Ann Shipley (Dress designing, Montreal), Oliver Ylitalo (Ottawa U.), Doreen Ellis (Nurses Training), Evelyn Fleece (Kingston, Nurses Training), Robert White (Upper Canada College), Sirkka Norppa (Nurses Training), Helen Vigrass (Shaw's, Toronto).

IN LOCAL EMPLOYMENT:

Patricia Hopkins, Frank Keleman, Robert MacAskill, Gerald Matthews, Carl Reinholt, Kevin Roach, Bernice Shaheen, Riley Biggs, Patricia Bolton, Berdina Boyd, Garnet Brown, Michael Bural, Iris Chip-pier, Dorothy Cole, Dona Comish, Gina D'Andrea, Velma Elliott, Margaret Dougherty, Helen Fetter, Marjorie Gaston, Mansell Goodman, Ella Keizer, John King, Anne Lahti, Helen Leschuck, Elaine McLaren, Wallace Mathieson, Mary Maxenchuck, Delbert Mayhew, Clair Mitchell, Audley O'Shaughnessy, Kenneth Perron, Eleanor Sheppard, Betty Robb, Mary Shubat, Olga Zebrue, Juliet Pofek, Lloyd Morgan, Ted Zboch, Elmer Swan, Gordon Linton, Albert Orazi, Sisko Takamaki, Phyllis Turner, Charles Ramsay, Mary Sitarz, Nina Petruk, Deanna Valentich, Joseph Verbanek.
OTHERS:

Dan Grbich (Teaching), James Andrews (Naval College, B.C.), George Baldwin, Mary Finkleman (Toronto), Reginald Greutz (Navy), Wilfred Hickinbottom (Navy), Mary Kobell (Kerr-Addison), Alex Kott and Alex Stalmack (Kapuskasing), Doris Somerville (Teaching), Anne Sutherland (Mathieson), Donna Fitzpatrick, Velma Kevenen, Mary Lorentson, Winnifred Mallette, Anne Stefanko (all in Civil Service), Ernest Wallace, Arnold Thompson, Charles Roy, Allan Puro (Malartic), Frances Poirier, Charles Poirier, Dushan Petrovich (engaged by St. Louis Cardinals).

by LOIS TUCK

EXCHANGE

Edited by Frank Lillico

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by FRANK LILLICO

HUMOUR GAINED FROM OTHERS

POEM

Why do I stand when the moon is high,
With my arms outstretched to a starlit sky,
While on my lips is a wordless cry?
Why do I do it? I'm nuts, that's why!

Mary had a little swing,
It wasn't hard to find,
For everywhere that Mary went,
The swing was right behind.

I'm done with dames, they cheat and lie,
They prey on us males, to the day we die,
They tease and torment us, and drive us to sin—
Hey!—Look at that blonde, who just came in!

To kiss a girl is awful simple,
To steal a kiss is simply awful,
Kisses spread germs, so it's stated,
So kiss me Babe, I'm vaccinated.

"Why do you go steady with her?"
"She's different from other girls."
"In what way?"
"She'll go with me."

TRICK FOR PARTIES OR SOME OTHER BRAWL

Double your age, and add 5, multiply the answer by 50, add the change in your pocket or purse, less than a dollar, subtract the number of days in the year, 365, and add 115 for good measure. The first two numbers is your age, the last two, the change in your pocket or purse.

She (playfully): "Let me chew your gum?"
He (more playfully): "Which one, upper or lower?"

Mike: "Have you heard of the policeman's chair?"

Ike: "No, what is it?"

Mike: "It's a chair, that if you don't park in the right place, you get pinched."

A: This is the third time you've been late for work this week.

B: Yah-h-h?

A: Why is it that the rest of the family all get here on time?

B: Well, it's like this. You see, there are eight in our family, and the alarm is set for seven.

M. Watson: "Hullo, is this the City Bridge Department?"

Answer: "Yes."

M. Watson: "How many points do you get for a grand slam?"

George: "You know, it's a good thing my name is George."

Ken: "Why?"

George: "Well, that's what people call me!"

Henrietta: "Oh Joe, je T'ADORE."

Joe: "Shut it yourself, you opened it."

He: "If I had money, I'd travel."

She: "How much do you need?"

Good luck to you all, and thanks for these swell exchanges. We hope to see many more before the end of this year, and in the years to come.

June 9 / 47
10B

CONGLOMERATE 1946-7

Edward Bellamy

AUTOGRAPHS

M. Donner 10B

Alma Bowes

Marion McRusland

John J. Fowler

Robert Martin

Thomas Styler

10B

Harry Hunt

Roy Smith
Mary M. Messenger

John Wagon

Joan Rodgers

Eileen Baird

Joe Atkins

Beverly Eddy
(Babe)

Corcoran

Robert

Doug Beaumont

Claire Thomson

Dorcas Williams

Crowe

Thelma Hill

Longaday

Robert
Dorcas

Norma Gorkson

Jonathan

Fowler

J.H.

Eileen

reverts

Betty Smith 10B
Jack McFarney
No.

William O'Leary

Dean Lewis
Edith
Robert
Connet
Thomson

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expressed
on behalf of the "Conglomerate"
to local and out-of-town business
people whose generous co-operation with
our advertising staff was an indispensable
factor in the production of this year book.

R.

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1946



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J. B. Bolger
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